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## AND

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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*A History of England from the First Invasion by the Romans, &c.* By J. Lingard, D.D. Vol. VII. 4to. pp. 636. London, 1829. Baldwin and Cradock; and B. Fellowes.

THIS, the penultimate volume of Dr. Lingard's great work, carries on his History from the establishment of the Commonwealth, 1649, to the year 1673; the remainder of the reign of Charles, and that of James, being intended for the concluding volume. Like those which have preceded it, the present portion of Dr. L.'s labours is very ably written; and, speaking of it simply in a literary point of view, is deserving of a high eulogium. Whether the author is partial, whether he suppresses or mistakes, we leave it to critics who have more leisure for inquiry and comparison to determine: it is enough for us to observe, that great talents are evident throughout, that the style is good, and that the reader is borne along by the narrative in a very agreeable manner; while the foot references shew that the author has not been sparing of research. Considering, perhaps, that, as a Roman Catholic, Dr. Lingard must have strong feelings towards one side, and, it is more than probable, proposed to himself to advance its cause and the cause of his religion by this History,—it is but just to confess, that there is an apparent fairness in his statements, which is well calculated to obtain belief for them, and which could only be shaken by such arguments and proofs as have been brought against some of his former quotations and assertions. We enter no farther into the question; but proceed to notice the principal feature developed in the volume before us, as a specimen of its other and more general characteristics.

In 1669, it is said, Dr. Heylin's History of the Reformation shook "the credulity" of James, the Duke of York, and led to his reconciliation with the Church of Rome:—

"He was not blind," it seems, "to the dangers to which such a change would expose him; and he therefore purposed to continue outwardly in communion with the established church, while he attended at the Catholic service in private. But, to his surprise, he learned from Symonds, a Jesuit missionary, that no dispensation could authorise such duplicity of conduct: a similar answer was returned to the same question from the pope; and James immediately took his resolution. He communicated to the king in private that he was determined to embrace the Catholic faith; and Charles, without hesitation, replied, that he was of the same mind, and would consult with the duke on the subject in the presence of Lord Arundel, Lord Arlington, and Arlington's confidential friend, Sir Thomas Clifford. Of these three, the first was a known Catholic; the other two had hitherto professed themselves Protestants, but more for fashion's sake, than through any real attachment to the reformed creed. They, like most others in the higher circles of society at that period, had, in

the language of James, 'their religion still to choose.' The meeting was held in the duke's closet. Charles, with tears in his eyes, lamented the hardship of being compelled to profess a religion which he did not approve, declared his determination to emancipate himself from this restraint, and requested the opinion of those present, as to the most eligible means of effecting his purpose with safety and success. They advised him to communicate his intention to Louis, and to solicit the powerful aid of that monarch. Here occurs a very interesting question,—was Charles sincere or not? That of the two churches he preferred the more ancient, there can be no doubt. Both the Duke of Ormond and Daniel O'Neil had seen reason to suspect him of a secret leaning towards the Catholic worship about the time of the conferences at the Pyrenees; and he had recently avowed the same to Arlington and Clifford. But the king's religious belief was of his own creation."

Now, however, the secret negotiation with Louis proceeded with great activity; and that infamous treaty of 1670, alluded to by Mr. Fox in his Life of James II., but the existence of any copy of which has been doubted, was the result. Of this bargain, Dr. L. remarks:

"Though much was afterwards said, little was certainly known. All the parties concerned, both the sovereigns and the negotiators, observed an impenetrable secrecy. What became of the copy transmitted to France, is unknown: its counterpart was confided to the custody of Sir Thomas Clifford, and is still in the keeping of his descendant, the Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. The principal articles were: 1. That the King of England should publicly profess himself a Catholic at such time as should appear to him most expedient, and subsequently to that profession should join with Louis in a war against the Dutch republic, at such time as the most Christian king should judge proper: 2. That to enable the King of England to suppress any insurrection which might be occasioned by his conversion, the King of France should grant him an aid of two millions of livres, by two payments, at the expiration of three months, and six months after the ratification of the treaty; and should also assist him with an armed force of six thousand men, if the service of such a force should be thought necessary: 3. That Louis should observe inviolably the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and Charles be allowed to maintain that treaty in conformity with the conditions of the triple alliance: 4. That if, eventually, any new rights on the Spanish monarchy should accrue to the King of France, the King of England should aid him with all his power in the acquisition of those rights: 5. That both princes should make war on the United Provinces, and that neither should conclude peace or truce with them without the advice and consent of his ally: 6. That the King of France should take on himself the whole charge of the war by land, receiving from England an auxiliary force of six thousand men: 7. That by sea Charles should fur-

nish fifty, Louis thirty, men of war; that the combined fleet should be placed under the command of the Duke of York; and that, to enable the King of England to support the charge of the naval armament, he should receive every year of the war the sum of three millions of livres from the King of France: 8. That out of the conquests which might be made during the war, his Britannic majesty should be satisfied with Walcheren, Sluys, and the island of Cadix; and that, in separate articles, provision should be made for the interests of the Prince of Orange, so that he might find his advantage in the war: 9. And that, to unite more closely the interests and affections of the subjects of both crowns, the treaty of commerce already commenced should be speedily concluded."

Some curious and disgraceful political manoeuvring ensued, one of the chief objects of which was to mystify the Duke of Buckingham, and his colleagues Ashley and Lauderdale. Dalrymple, whose Memoirs are the most statesman-like and sagacious of any published relative to the period, is referred to for the fact, that Buckingham, "the dupe, had the satisfaction of concluding a treaty, of which he vainly deemed himself the author, but which in reality was a mere copy of the former, with the sole omission of the article respecting religion."

Who were the cheaters, and who the cheats, it is not easy to decide at this late hour: it was a time of utter profligacy and prostitution; and it is hardly uncharitable to surmise, that the principal actors generally were a set of selfish and unprincipled scoundrels. During epochs of long repose and political tranquillity, men have few temptations to tempt them to swerve from honesty and tolerable consistency; but this is circumstance—not human nature. When struggle comes, when interests clash, when sudden and violent transitions take place, as in all cases of revolution, whether ministerial or national, the baser principles invariably rush into play, and the baser persons acquire the most notorious ascendancy (for where virtue exists, it seeks refuge in retirement); and we witness such scenes as the English commonwealth and the French republic exhibited, to the dismay and regret of all lovers of true liberty. Nay, were we to look no farther back than the last twelve months of our own history, what a frightful aspect of trimming and tergiversation would meet our eyes—in a hundred barefaced instances; a stain upon the boasted independence and honour of the British character! Men following servilely that which they bitterly opposed; supporting that which they swore their lives were pledged to resist; and, more contemptible and miserable still, vacillating this way and that, in a disposition not unworthy of the profligate days of Charles, till they can ascertain which creed, political or religious, it will best suit their interests to choose. But let us return to our historian of older date, for a pattern,—

"To all an example, to no one a pattern!"

The continues from our last extract:

"To this farce was added another. When the first instalment became due, Louis inquired of his good brother, whether he was yet prepared to make the declaration of his Catholicity? Charles replied, that he thought it advisable previously to consult the pope, and to obtain such conditions as might render the change less objectionable to his people. This answer was approved; and, in consequence, a vigorous attempt was made to induce him to join in the war first, and publish his conversion afterwards. But the king was inflexible, and to a second requisition replied, that he could discover no person fit to be trusted with so delicate a negotiation. Louis offered the bishop of Laon, whose services were accepted; but, in a few days, it occurred to Charles that the reigning pontiff was old and infirm, and that it would be more prudent to wait till the accession of his successor: next, he determined to employ an Englishman, and spent some time before he named the president of the English college at Douai; then he contrived to obtain a delay of three months, under pretence of framing and amending the instructions to be given to this envoy; and at last honestly declared that existing circumstances compelled him to postpone the execution of his design to some more favourable opportunity. A year later Louis returned to the same subject, and Charles objected religious scruples, which made him desirous of consulting some celebrated theologian, but a theologian also skilled in chemistry, that the subject of their conversations might be supposed to be his favourite science! Soon afterwards he determined to make the celebration of mass in English, and the administration of the sacrament under both forms the indispensable conditions of his conversion. But Louis was then satisfied: he had obtained his purpose of drawing the king into the war, and therefore ceased to call for a declaration, which must have rendered him a useless and burdensome ally."

Upon this picture of chicanery, why should we dwell? We only append, in the form of a note, the second article of the secret treaty, as given us by Dr. Lingard, on the authority of the original, in the possession of Lord Clifford; it is a memorable and extraordinary document.

"Le Seigneur Roy de la Grande-Bretagne étant convaincu de la vérité de la religion Catholique, et résolu d'en faire sa déclaration, et de se réconcilier avec l'église Romaine, aussy tost que le bien des affaires de son royaume luy pourra permettre, a tout sujet d'espérer et de se permettre de l'affection et de la fidélité de ses sujets qu'aucun d'eux, comme de ceux sur qui Dieu n'aura pas encore assez abondamment répandu ses grâces pour les disposer par cet exemple si auguste à se convertir, ne manquera jamais à l'obéissance inviolable que tous les peuples doivent à leurs souverains même de religion contraire; néanmoins, comme il se trouve quelques fois des esprits brouillons et inquiets, qui s'efforcent de troubler la tranquillité publique, principalement lorsqu'ils peuvent commettre leurs mauvaises desseins du prétexte plausible de religion; sa majesté de la Grande-Bretagne, qui n'a rien plus à cœur (après le repos de sa conscience) que d'affirmer celui que la douceur de son gouvernement a procuré à ses sujets, a cru que le meilleur moyen d'empêcher qu'il ne fust altéré, seroit d'estre assuré en cas de besoin de l'assistance de sa majesté tréshrestienne, laquelle voulant en cette occasion donner au Seigneur Roy de la Grande-Bretagne des preuves indubitables de la sincérité de son amitié, et contribuer au bon succès d'un dessein si glorieux, et si utile à sa majesté de la Grande-Bretagne, comme à toute la religion Catholique, a promis et promet de donner pour cet effet au dit Seigneur Roy de la Grande-Bretagne la somme de deux millions de livres tournoises, dont la moitié sera payée trois mois après l'échange des ratifications du présent traité, en espèces à l'ordre dudit Seigneur Roy de la Grande-Bretagne à Calais, Dieppe, ou bien au Havre de Grace, ou remis par lettres de change à Londres au risque, périls, et fraix, dudit Seigneur Roy tréshrestien; et l'autre moitié de la même manière dans trois mois après; et en outre ledit Seigneur Roy tréshrestien s'oblige d'assister de troupes sa majesté de la Grande-Bretagne, jusqu'au nombre de six mille hommes de pied, s'il est besoin, et même de les lever et entretenir à ses propres fraix et despens, tant que ledit Seigneur Roy de la Grande-Bretagne jugera avoir besoin pour l'exécution de son dessein; et ledites troupes seront transportées par les vaisseaux du Roy de la Grande-Bretagne en tels lieux

et ports qu'il jugera le plus à propos pour la bien de son service; et du jour de leur embarquement seront payées, ainsy qu'il est dit, par sa majesté tréshrestienne, et obéiront aux ordres du dit Seigneur Roy de la Grande-Bretagne, et le temps de ladite déclaration de Catholicité est entièrement remis au choix dudit Seigneur Roy de la Grande-Bretagne."

*Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean.*  
Second Series. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829.  
Colburn.

WHERE will our novel-writers go next for *matériel*?—Jew and Gentile, east and west, high and low, have been already depicted: the Hot-tentots seem the only people whose manners, customs, &c. have not been illustrated by a novel. Our Arctic Voyager had all the advantage of an unknown country and a sounding title: they ushered him into society, and his reception has been such as to induce a second appearance, to which we are well inclined to give a cordial reception. Two of the stories are excellent of their kind: the one, Letitia, of fearful involution, turns upon a mysterious murder; the second, the T-man, has much humour, and in one part excites even intense interest: the others are about the common standard of magazine tales—rather amusing, but inferior to their competitors. The two which we have mentioned as our favourites occupy each nearly a volume, and detached parts would give little idea of their sustained effect; we will therefore recommend them very deservedly, and take a few chance leaves from our Voyager's diary.

"A young seal became my guest, after receiving, or fancying itself to have received, the contents of a fowling-piece in its body. This animal, by a little attention and coaxing, grew placid enough to eat and grunt,—a degree of good humour not frequently exhibited by a captive phoca. It fed with a good appetite upon raw flesh and fat, upon 'grout,' or boiled oatmeal, and upon bergoo, or oatmeal stirred with hot water to the consistence of hasty pudding; and it took great delight in swallowing lumps of ice and pellets of snow, by way of dessert. When brought out of its kennel to be washed, it showed all possible inclination to return to its former state of freedom, and snapped at any one who offered to interrupt its hasty career towards the sea. But when the deck was covered with snow, it exhibited the joy of a horse let loose into a field; it snorted and pranced about to the best of its ability, and rolled upon its back, and extended its limbs, to increase the genial impressions of its couch, with that serene gratification of look expressed by a fat sow made happy by a bed of mud. At other times, scratching its head and back was a sure way to win its approbation; and it demonstrated its pleasure at the attention, by accommodating its position to the hand, and expanding its hide to facilitate the operation, while its flippers moved mechanically, as if to assist in the performance. All persons, however, were not equally well received, even as flatterers and back-scratchers—a fact which seemed to shew that poor 'Bonze' possessed some powers of discrimination; for, although the most harmless and interesting of seals, he had a great number of enemies among the crew."

The sailors being blocked in by ice, resort to the following charm:—

"The spell consisted in thrusting pins into the heart of a small animal, such as a gull or a mallehunk, and afterwards throwing it, thus transfixed, into the fire, there to remain till it was consumed. The reader will be disposed to doubt my sincerity, when I tell him that this ridiculous mummery was actually

performed 'betwixt decks' by part of our crew. Another of these magic agencies in the capture of whales, ought to have been mentioned when the spanning of harpoons was described, as it formed part of the ceremonies used during that preparation for the fishery. This is the insertion of various pieces of riband between the strands of the foreganger, or rope immediately connected with the harpoon, which are supposed to confer luck on the instrument thus adorned. Small silver coins are sometimes appended to the ribands to increase their power; but when the garters of the fair, presented by their own hands to the amorous whale-fisher, can be affixed by the favoured lover to his line, the hopes attached to his boat are still more auspicious, and he wields his weapon with confidence proportioned to its augmented merits."

A walk on one of the floes (large bodies of ice) would seem almost to realise the old nursery song of,

Sliding on the ice all of a summer's day.

"The water was like glass, clear and smooth, and reflecting the heavens, and the images of a thousand elevations and grotesque variations of the marble shore. Not a breeze played over its brilliant surface, nor did a wave ripple beneath the hollow margin of the floe. We could perceive medusæ trailing their scarlet fibrils deep within the transparent element, while the tongues or jutting bases of the ice were seen extending out from the main body in magnificent expansions, 'full fathom five' below the spectator. The awful depth to which the sight can penetrate by the assistance of these irregular projections, is a source of the sublime to be found only in these regions of grandeur and peculiar beauty. Under a bright clear sky, the alabaster whiteness of the tongues reflects the light, though buried far beneath the surface of the water, and the visual faculty seems to acquire power as it descends from shelf to shelf, and from point to point, into the profound abyss of the ocean."

"When the sea is but faintly coloured, its tints are most evident while flowing over the projections of the flaw; and the beauty of a sapphire liquid, foiled by a sheet of snowy ice, is transcendent. Green-tinted water affords a sight less pleasing; but a splendid medusa, sailing slowly above the marble rock, glitters like a brilliant jewel composed of a thousand gems. As we continued our progress along the floe, the heat of the sun, reflected from its surface, became oppressive. Forgetful of my former condition, I first threw off my coat, and next flung open my vest, to admit the refreshing atmosphere to my bosom. I felt as thirsty as if I were toiling along a dusty road, copious perspiration bedewed my limbs, my back seemed to burn in the noon-tide rays; and I looked around on the wild realm of ice, and the wide expanse of water, half doubting that I was in the latitude of Spitzbergen."

"On the present occasion, our Zetland improvisator were particularly animated in their extemporaneous effusions, and ran round the capstan rapidly, to words signifying their hope of soon sharing an allowance of spirits; a luxury of which our prudential regime had deprived them whilst we remained beset, occasionally varying their exclamations with anticipations of the other benefits they expected to obtain by the deliverance of the vessel from her icy fetters. The limit of the choral expression is always marked by the velocity with which the leader of the band, that is, the individual who first gives out the stave, completes a circle on

the deck as he heaves round his bar, and he recommences his chant at the same spot at which it was begun. Hence, when the circumstances of the performers are quickened by the yielding of the obstruction to the winding in of the warp, and the velocity of the turns will not allow of the repetition of the canticle first set up, the quire break into some other more brief outcry, suited to their movement; and at times, especially when reinforced by an accession of hands, they whirl round the capstan with the utmost swiftness, shrieking, laughing, dancing, and flinging out their heels, like a company of savage revellers capering about some object of convivial worship with extravagant demonstrations of mental and bodily excitement. Such was the glee and glad-some uproar of our Highlandmen, when they found the Leviathan, so long immovable, and consequently unprofitable, now gliding onward with increasing speed towards freedom and the possibility of exercising her whale-capturing functions. No sooner had they got the ship under way, and felt her yield to the impulse of their warp, as if she gradually awoke from a deep lethargy, and slowly resumed her suspended faculty of motion, than they began their song, one of them striking up, seemingly with the first idea that entered his imagination, while the others caught at his words, and repeated them to a kind of Chinese melody; the whole at length uniting their voices into one chant, which, though evidently the outpouring of a jovial spirit, had, from its unvaried tone and constant echo of the same expression, a half-wild, half-melancholy effect upon the ear. The foreign accent of the singers (for the Shetland natives have a strikingly peculiar twang in their pronunciation) contributed not a little to invest their music with a strange imposing character; while the strong contrast between the import of their exclamation and its somewhat dirge-like accompaniment of voice, gave their stave a serio-comic air, well illustrated by the ludicrous display of joyous feelings depicted on the habitually grave and simple countenances of the performers. As the vessel advanced, gathering swiftness from the increased efforts of the capstan heavers, added to the momentum she had received from their previous exertion, and the strain upon the warp, yielding readily to the increasing revolution of the men, allowed them to run round with their bars at a pace more soul-stirring than their first movements had afforded, the song grew fast and furious. It had begun with 'Yah! yah! here's a full ship for the captain, and a full pannikin for Peytie Peyter-  
 en, la—la—lalla—la—leh;' but this sentence, after many repetitions, was changed for others of briefer duration and more expressive import, as they coursed after each other with intoxicating rapidity: their steps grew frolicsome, and their voices were elevated till they cracked with energy; they shouted, shrieked, and capered; and at length they wanted nothing requisite to make them true representatives of a troop of roaring bacchanals but old Silenus perched upon the drumhead of the capstan, and some of that good liquor whose very expectation had thus inspired them with frantic mirth."

After some ornithological descriptions, the author says—

"Another kind of bird at this time began to attract my attention by its lively motions, its wild and singular cry, and the vast flocks it formed in the mornings and evenings of the days we passed near the coast of Greenland. This was the roach or roth, (alca alle, or

little auk,) a bird of the size of a dove, but shaped more like a duck or a dabchick, possessing a quick eye, and a facility of diving which often enabled it to avoid the contents of a fowling-piece, though the shot flew direct to the spot it had occupied. Its call, resembling in some degree a sudden burst of shrill quaint laughter, or more closely the instrumental music from a piece of tin bent double over a strip of ribbon, with which Punch summons a congregation to view his antics in the streets of London, was heard on every side, and every piece of ice and hole of water was visited by numerous groups of these active little animals, whose oft-repeated note and unceasing restlessness produced an agreeably animated effect amidst the scenery they frequented. Indeed, they became great favourites with me, especially after I learnt that a sea-people was improved by the addition of several of them to its other contents, and I never let an opportunity slip of procuring a supply for this especial purpose. The roach appears to feed only on shrimps and water-insects, and together with the loom, a bird approximating closely to it in plumage and configuration, though considerably larger, forms the ordinary game of these seas; for fulmars and the gull tribe are never eaten, except when short allowance, or weariness of the ship's provisions, renders them palatable. The other feathered inhabitants of the Greenland ocean, though eatable and esteemed as delicacies—the elder duck, the dovekey, the snow bunting, &c. are too seldom met with in sufficient abundance to constitute a source of food; but their absence I considered well supplied, in a reflective point of view, by the myriads of roaches that offered themselves to our palates."

The pleasures of the arctic regions may be surmised from the following:—

"We chiefly had a continuation of thick weather, with repeated showers of rain, and alternate calms and gales. Every substance that could imbibe moisture became literally soaked with fluid, either poured down upon it from the clouds, or condensed upon it from the mists that penetrated into the recesses of our vessel, while whatever delights I had experienced amongst these regions of splendid beauty were equalled by the miseries which accumulated round me now. It would, indeed, be beyond the powers of imagination to conceive the dismal aspect that presents itself on all sides, and in all situations, to the Arctic voyager, during this portion of his wanderings. On deck, he sees his ship moored almost constantly to a sheet of ice, whose dull white margin is just perceptible beneath the skirts of a murky cloud, which hangs like a cumbrous curtain over the floe. Above him, the slackened cordage, half hidden in mist, gathers a heavy load of moisture, which it lets fall in sudden showers upon his head, as the vessel rolls and heaves lazily upon the sullen tide. Close around him, the damp fog spreads its shilling wreaths, as if wrapping him in a wet embrace. He feels his warmth abstracted, while the drizzly atmosphere clings coldly to his frame, seeming to penetrate his garments, and apply itself immediately to his skin. He hears nothing but the dreary echoes of the sea, swelling up beneath the hollowed edges of the ice, and breaking in monotonous and regularly repeated murmurs amongst its labyrinths; or if, occasionally, sounds of animation strike his ear, they are but the sudden dropping of a malleum unseen into the water, and its succeeding noisy paddling towards him, to discover what food may be obtained in his vicinity. Below, all is dullness, gloominess, and want of cheer. He still finds

the cold, dank air around him, even at the fire-side; he sees its heavy charge deposited on the walls or bulkheads of his retreat, and trickling down in countless streams towards the deck or floor; he hears nothing but the endless and sad forebodings of the discontented whalefishers, and, unless he can inspire them with hope and liveliness, or engage them in some interesting recital, he must retire to his bed-cabin, to read in peace and warmth, or sit by the stove and keep chime with the forlorn knell of disappointment tolled out by his associates."

"For the sailors there was occupation, in the cleansing of bears' and seals' hides,—a task performed by first spreading a thick layer of saw-dust over the skin, and rolling it up tightly, then enclosing it, thus prepared, in a stout bag, filled also with saw-dust, and subjecting it either to long-continued threshing with a flail, or to a perpetual slow revolution, produced by treading upon it with the feet. For this latter purpose, the operator is placed between two ice-poles, fixed horizontally at a proper height for him to support himself upon his hands, whilst he walks backwards, kneading the sack containing the bear's skin and saw-dust with his heels, as he steps heavily in a retrograde direction. The object of these processes is to excite a degree of heat in the hide that will melt out its grease, which the saw-dust absorbs, as it repeatedly shifts its position round the felt during the motion to which it is subjected. Dressed in this manner, a bear or seal's skin loses its stiffness, its oiliness, and its dingy hue, and becomes soft and supple to the feeling, and glossy in appearance."

The chief faults of our author are, "spinning his yarn" somewhat too lengthily, and a taste for doing fine and philosophical in the way of description; but, take them all in all, these are very amusing volumes, and will, we think, be popular among a large class of readers.

*The Living and the Dead.* By a Country Curate. Second Series. Vol. II: 12mo. pp. 311. London, 1829. H. Colburn.

MR. ERSKINE NEALE, the author of these volumes, is, we believe, a curate at Liverpool, and a relative of the late Mr. Archibald Constable. In consequence of the latter circumstance, it is probable he obtained that information about the Byron family, Joanna Baillie, Archdeacon Daubeny, and other literary persons, which excited a considerable stir when his first performance appeared; and for the particulars of which we beg to refer to our Nos. 529, 532, (March 10th and 31st, 1827.) We then spoke of Mr. Neale as of a spirited and clever writer, whose chief fault was the close juxtaposition of the facetious and serious; but whose work altogether was possessed of much interest and powers of entertainment. The same remarks apply to his second attempt—the touching and rational is generally praiseworthy; the sportive and satirical by no means equally successful. We shall, for these reasons, follow our own example, and repeat our course, by extracting a sufficient number of miscellaneous quotations to justify our criticism, and to illustrate the character of the production before us.

The first paper, or rather the frame-work, is entitled "A Country Curate's Pilgrimage," and describes the various "noticeable" people in the cures to which the historiographer was called: thus, at Hornchurch we have the portrait of a widow lady:—

"Mrs. Dysart was 'a woman of parts.' She aspired to this character, and did her best to support it. 'I'm no French scholar,' was her

daily exclamation: 'and I scorn deceit. Education has done nothing for ME. I'm a *literal* woman. But Providence has blessed me with parts, and I feel I can use them.' Often did I wish, and hundreds, I can vouch for it, have done the same, that she had not been quite so literal, and that education had done more for her. She would ask such excruciating questions, and talk at times, notwithstanding her parts, such ineffable nonsense, that it was almost martyrdom to listen to her. She was fond of asserting that the climate of Devonshire and India was 'much the same,' and that she had 'a brother who died at Torquay, on the fifth of February, of a coup de l'isle.' 'So you were born at Morpeth,' said she to a gawky Northumbrian; 'pray did you know my father?' 'No.' 'Well! I AM amazed! Why, he was the encumbrance of the living for upwards of forty years! Moreover, she had the most unfortunate memory imaginable. Any family misfortune, mis-alliance, divorce, elopement, any blot in a noble escutcheon, any event or occurrence, death or duel, which, from its nature or consequences, was better forgotten, was faithfully treasured up in her memory, and produced, 'time, place, and occasion fitting.' Thus I heard her ask a Mr. Shirley whether it was true that Earl Ferrers was hung in a silken cord, and went in his own coach to Tyburn? because, 'as one of the family, you MUST know; so do tell me all about it.'—'Marlow! Marlow!' said she, on being introduced to a gentleman of that name; 'why, there was a Lady Marlow that went off with a Colonel Clavering: a very pretty woman she was; and mightily was the affair canvassed at the time. Pray, sir, are you any relation?' She was addressing the son.—'Manesty! Manesty!' said she, at a large dinner; 'I've heard that name before I'm sure.' She looked full in the face of the unfortunate man who owned it. 'I have some recollection connected with that name, if I could but hit upon it. Oh! I have it. Manesty—ay, it is no common name. There was a very s-h-o-c-k-i-n-g fellow of that name at Cambridge in my brother's time. He used to cry fire at one o'clock in the morning, in the midst of the quadrangle, and alarm the master and fellows of his college beyond measure. Then as to his principles, no girl who had any pretensions—but, however, he was rusticated.' Coughs went round the table. Every body seemed on a sudden to have taken cold. But the woman of parts elevated her voice, and proceeded: 'He was rusticated twice, and finally expelled. Pray, sir, can you give me any intelligence as to what ultimately became of him?—not that any family would care to own him!' The unhappy object of her inquiries, with a face the colour of scarlet, and in a state of the most pitiable confusion, fronted her.

Here is another trait of character:—

"Mr. Halford, a very worthy Devonshire squire, sent for Mr. Green, the civil engineer, from Exeter, and desired that he would forthwith widen the main entrance to Hembury House. 'The passage is too narrow. I have felt it to be so for years. It *must* be widened; it *shall* be widened; and that immediately. Survey the premises: make a plan: let the thing be set about at once.' 'Nothing can be easier,' was the engineer's reply. 'Take down this wall, and a few inches will—' 'What! take down the wall of my kitchen? No; that's what I'll never allow to be done while I am above ground. My kitchen is small enough already. I never have company but my ears are stunned with my cook's complaints of its

size. 'No, sir; some other expedient must be hit upon;—think again. 'Well, friend, then suppose we take down the other wall, and remove it a few feet.' 'The deuce you would! Pray, sir, do you know what wall that is? That's the wall of my study. I can scarcely swing a cat in it as it is; and by reducing it as you propose, you would leave me a room I could not by possibility breathe in—three feet by three for a man of my size! Pray, sir, do you wish me to be smothered in my own house? Monstrous!' 'Friend,' said the engineer, waxing warmer than Quakers, even wet ones, usually do, 'thy conduct deserves that epithet, not mine. Thou sendest for me, at a distance of twenty miles, to widen the passage to thy house, which thou affirmest *must positively be done*. I propose taking down one wall; thou objectest. I then suggest the removal of the other; thou peremptorily refusest. How dost thou intend thy wish to be accomplished, and what object can be served by my coming? Thou hast abundance of money, but surely lackest common sense.'"

The next division is a tale of Lord Llanberis, and one of striking effect; but we pass it for more manageable matter.

"My next sphere of duty was Yarmouth in Norfolk: a parish whose population amounted to nineteen thousand, and whose duties were proportionably heavy. In this large and laborious cure I had happily a colleague: he was an extraordinary being. Poor Theakstone! with him it was throughout *fronti nulla fides*! Under a careless, blunt, and clownish exterior, he concealed the most sensitive feelings that man was ever cursed with. With a mind highly cultivated, stored with classical allusion and sportive repartee, he rarely touched on any topic that was not strictly professional. Active and energetic beyond example when roused, his natural habits were those of the most determined sluggishness. Two-thirds of his existence were spent in bed; and when reproached for his indolence, he would invariably reply, with a sigh and an air of melancholy conviction that was utterly overpowering, '*Sleep with me is a disease*.' He had, too, one of the most singular methods of writing his sermons that man ever devised or practised. He would on the Monday fix on a text. Upon this he would muse and meditate, dream and doze, till Friday. He would then, on the cover of a letter—for he despised the dull, formal 'practice of spoiling sheet after sheet of good paper,' and his MS. when complete was a bundle of shreds and scraps, which, on one occasion, flew round the pulpit like Sibylline leaves—carefully note down his divisions; and on Saturday night, at nine, after his third cup of tea, 'three and no more,' he would set to work in earnest, and finish at eleven: revise once, and the process was ended. Its result was an able, earnest, highly original, and very powerful sermon. But he was also a very efficient parish priest. There was a sincerity, a straightforwardness, a manliness of thought and action about him, that convinced the veriest gainsayer that his heart was devoted to his profession. He was deservedly popular where he most wished to be known, and where he alone cared to be loved, among the children of want and victims of sorrow. His time, his exertions, his purse, all were at their command. And though they might smile, and, in truth, often did smile, at his many peculiarities, his cordial sympathy won their affections, while his self-denial and consistent life commanded their respect. My sketch of him would be unpardonably defective were I to omit all allusion to his style. This,

though it might be deprecated at Belgrave Chapel or the Foundling, was admirably adapted to the mixed and motley congregation among whom it was his lot to minister. A few of his originalities occur to me. 'Do you come to the house of God to have your ears tickled with eloquence, and your proud hearts flattered by the accents of entreaty and persuasion? 'The wages of sin is death.' 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' I tell you *Truth*. She stands in no need of these artificial decorations. *Come then to the house of God not as CRITICS, but as SINNERS*.—You lead the most careless lives, and set your offspring the worst of examples, and then feel infinite mortification and chagrin that they turn out idle, disobedient, worthless characters. Like produces like. Pray, did you ever hear of two black people who had a white child? Be rational in your expectations. Learn to be virtuous yourselves, if you wish your children to grow up so. Form them by your own example; or expect not that while you openly prove to them you honour not your God, they will ever learn to honour you, their father and mother.—The Jews have a legend, that when Titus had destroyed Jerusalem, God Almighty, to be avenged on the enemy of his people, sent a copper fly for his punishment, which crept up his nose, and fed upon his brain till it had killed him. Such then, according to their belief, was the end of this mighty and successful warrior. Alas! how often do the objects toward which we look, and to which we cling for happiness, prove sources of the most exquisite misery! Like the mule of Absalom, they flee from us when we appear to need them most. Rachel cries, 'Give me children, and I die!' The babe is sent; and, lo! Benjamin the son of her wishes, becomes Benoni the son of her grief, and her soul departs from her! The commencement of his sermons was, at times, no less extraordinary. He was preaching on one occasion before a mariners' association, and this was the opening of a discourse, in other respects unexceptionable, and abounding in passages of power and pathos, which no man but himself could have written.—The first maxim in navigation is to give danger a wide berth.' At another time he deemed it proper to notice the career and end of an individual, well known in the parish, who had in another county paid the forfeit of his life to the laws of his country. He commenced thus—'Lillyman, the incendiary, was hung last week at Northampton.' It was in these occasional sermons that he excelled. The most happy effects did in many instances attend them. And I should be guilty of great injustice to his memory were I to withhold my conviction that his labours were singularly crowned and blessed by that Omnipotent Being whom he devotedly served."

We conclude for this No. with an anecdote of public interest. At the retired church of Ashbourne is "a remarkable monument by Banks to the memory of a very lovely and intelligent little girl, a baronet's only child. It bears an inscription which, to use the mildest term, as it contains not the slightest reference to Christian hopes, should have been refused admittance within a Christian church. To the sentiments

\* In a recent Number we had occasion to advise a *lay* author now and then to look into his Bible; and that such advice should have been necessary in his case was not perhaps very strange; but we do confess we are somewhat surprised to find it quite as much called for in the person of a *clerical* writer, and one, too, belonging to a class of men generally having the credit of especial assiduity in that respect. Yet such is the fact; for the quotation to which we have affixed an asterisk, is not only incorrectly cited, but is, besides, sheer nonsense. When we last read that holy book, we found the passage thus:—"Give me children, or else I die!"—Ed. L. G.

it breathes, Paine himself, had he been alive, could have raised no objection. The figure, which is recumbent, is that of a little girl; the attitude exquisitely natural and graceful. It recalls most forcibly to the recollection Chantrey's far-famed monument in Lichfield Cathedral; for the resemblance, both in design and execution, between these beautiful specimens of art is close and striking. I was assured that, previous to his executing that most magnificent yet most touching piece of sculpture, which alone would have sufficed to immortalise his name, Chantrey was, at his own request, locked up alone in the church for two hours. This fact may be apocryphal; at least I cannot vouch for it. But the following I do affirm most confidently. When I hinted to the venerable matron who shews the monument, and who, being a retainer of the Boothby family, feels their honour identified with her own, that Chantrey's was by far the finer effort of the two, and that I wished I had that yet to see; and my companion added, that though the design of the Boothby monument was good, the execution was coarse and clumsy in the extreme, compared with the elaborate finish of the Robinson's. 'Humph,' said the old lady, with a most vinegar expression of countenance, with a degree of angry hauteur, an air of insulted dignity that Yates would have travelled fifty miles to witness; 'the like of that's what I now hear every day. Hang that fellow Chantrey, or Cante, or what you call him; I wish he had never been born!' The Ashbourne people are naturally proud of the monument. With them it is a kind of idol, to which every stranger is required to do homage. Among others, when Prince Leopold passed through Ashbourne, and inquiries were made by some of his royal highness's suite—as to the 'lions' of the neighbourhood—'We have one of our own, sir,' was the ready reply; 'a noble piece of sculpture in the church.' To the church the royal mourner was on the very point of repairing, when Sir Robert Gardiner suddenly inquired the description to which the sculpture in question belonged. 'It is a monument, sir—no one passes through without seeing it; for its like is not to be met with in England—it is a monument to an only child, whose mother died—' 'Not now,' said the prince faintly; 'not now. I too have lost—' and he turned away from the carriage in tears. Nor in speaking of Ashbourne, as connected with art, must mention be omitted of a portrait of Dr. Johnson, in the possession of a gentleman no less distinguished for the ability and impartiality with which he discharges the functions of a county magistrate, than for his private worth and excellence as a man. No cursory visit will do this noble picture justice. To be appreciated, it must be minutely examined and thoroughly studied. The colouring is fine and fleshy to a degree, and the expression of countenance milder and more pleasing than any print or portrait of our great moralist that I am acquainted with. It has been pronounced by the Rev. Holwell Carr—himself no puny collector, and no mean authority in matters relating to the arts—to be the finest portrait of the great lexicographer extant. It may be observed, too, by the way, that to Ashbourne the late Mr. Canning was remarkably partial. Near it lived a female relative to whom he was warmly attached, and under whose roof many of his happiest hours were spent. It is stated, that a little poem, entitled 'A Spring Morning in Dovedale,' one of the earliest efforts of his muse, is still in existence; and I have good reasons for knowing, that but a very few weeks

previous to his death, he stated, in conversation, what delight he should feel in 'going into that neighbourhood, and revisiting haunts which to him had been scenes of almost unalloyed enjoyment.' I could scarcely believe, so exquisitely tranquil is the scene,—the very murmur of the stream which flows around seems to soften itself in unison with the stillness of the landscape—that Ashbourne had ever been other than the abode of rural peace and comfort; and yet I was assured that during the war there was scarcely any limit to the bustle and gaiety which pervaded it."

\* At Mayfield, near Ashbourne, is a cottage where Moore, it is stated, composed *Lalla Rookh*. "For some years this distinguished poet lived at the neighbouring village of Mayfield; and there was no end to the pleasant anecdotes that were floating about its coteries respecting him; no limit to the recollections which existed of the peculiarities of his person, of the wit and drollery of the man. Go where you would, his literary relics were pointed out to you. One family possessed pens—and oh! Mr. Braham! such pens! they would have borne a comparison with Miss Mitford's; and those who are acquainted with that lady's literary implements and accessories will admit this is no common-place praise—pens that wrote 'Paradise and the Peri' in *Lalla Rookh*! Another shewed you a glove torn up into thin shreds in the most even and regular manner possible; each shred being in breadth about the eighth of an inch, and the work of the teeth! Pairs were demolished in this way during the progress of the 'Life of Sheridan.' A third called your attention to a note written in a strain of the most playful banter, and announcing the next 'tragic-comedy meeting.' A fourth repeated a merry impromptu; and a fifth played a very pathetic air, composed and adapted for some beautiful lines of Mrs. Opie's. But to return to Mayfield. Our desire to go over the cottage which he had inhabited was irresistible. It is neat, but very small, and remarkable for nothing except combining a most sheltered situation with the most extensive prospect. Still one had pleasure in going over it, and peeping into the little book-room, yclept the 'Poet's Den,' from which so much true poetry had issued to delight and amuse mankind. But our satisfaction was not without its portion of alloy. As we approached the cottage, a figure scarcely human appeared at one of the windows. Unaware that it was again inhabited, we hesitated about entering; when a livid, half-starved visage presented itself through the lattice, and a thin, shrill voice discordantly ejaculated—'Come in, gentlemen, come in. Don't be afraid! I'm only a tailor at work on the premises.' This villanous salutation damped sadly the illusion of the scene; and it was some time before we rallied sufficiently from this horrible desecration to descend to the poet's walk in the shrubbery, where, pacing up and down the live-long morning, he composed his '*Lalla Rookh*.' It is a little confined gravel-walk, in length about twenty paces; so narrow, that there is barely room on it for two persons to walk abreast: bounded on one side by a straggling row of stunted laurels, on the other by some old decayed wooden paling; at the end of it was a huge haystack. Here, without prospect, space, fields, flowers, or natural beauties of any description, was that most imaginative poem conceived, planned, and executed. It was at Mayfield, too, that those bitter stanzas were written on the death of Sheridan. There is a curious circumstance connected with them: they were sent to Perry, the well-known editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. Perry, though no stickler in a general way, was staggered at the venom of two stanzas, to which I need not more particularly allude, and wrote to inquire whether he might be permitted to omit them. The reply which he received was shortly this: 'You may insert the lines in the *Chronicle* or not, as you please: I am perfectly indifferent about it; but if you do insert them, it must be *verbatim*.' Mr. Moore's fame would not have suffered by their suppression: his heart would have been a gainer. Some of his happiest efforts are connected with the localities of Ashbourne. The beautiful lines, beginning

'Those evening bells, those evening bells,'

were suggested, it is said, by hearing the Ashbourne peal; and sweetly indeed do they sound at that distance, both mournfully and slow; while those exquisitely touching stanzas

'Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb  
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,'

were avowedly written on the sister of an Ashbourne gentleman, Mr. P—B—. But to his drolleries. He avowed on all occasions an utter horror of ugly women. He was heard, one evening, to observe to a lady, whose person was pre-eminent plain, but who nevertheless had been anxiously doing her little endeavours to attract his attention, 'I cannot endure an ugly woman. I'm sure I could never live with one. A man that marries an ugly woman cannot be happy.' The lady observed, that 'such an observation she could not permit to pass without remark. She knew many plain couples who lived most happily.' 'Don't talk of it, said the wife; don't talk of it. It cannot be.' 'But I tell you,' said the lady, who beamed all at once both piqued and positive, 'it can be, and it is. I will name individuals so circumstanced. You have heard of Colonel and Mrs. —. She speaks in a deep, gruff bass

### Burckhardt's Travels in Arabia.

#### MEKKA.

AGREEABLY to the promise in our last, we now conclude our Review of these *Travels*, with a further description of the Kaaba, its officers, hajdys, &c.; and again express our high opinion of the talents of the learned editor, to whom we are indebted for the publication of the many curious and novel descriptions of Arabian manners and customs contained in this interesting volume.

"The first officer of the mosque is the Naby el Haram, or Hares el Haram, the guardian who keeps the keys of the Kaaba. In his hands are deposited the sums bestowed as presents to the building, and which he distributes in conjunction with the Kadhy: under his directions, also, the repairs of the building are carried on. I have been assured, but do not know how truly, that the Naby el Haram's yearly accounts, which are countersigned by the Sherif and Kadhy, and sent to Constantinople, amount to three hundred purses, merely for the expenses of the necessary repairs, lighting, carpets, &c., and the maintenance of the eunuchs belonging to the temple. This officer happens at present to be one of the heads of the three only families descended from the ancient Koreysh who remain resident at Mekka. Next to him, the second officer of the mosque in rank is the Aga of the eunuchs, or, as he is called, Agat el Towashye. The eunuchs perform the duty of police officers in the temple; they prevent disorders, and daily wash and

voice; he in a thin, shrill treble. She looks like a John Doree; he like a dried alligator. They are called Bubble and Squeak by some of their neighbours; Venus and Adonis by others. But what of that? They are not handsome, to be sure; and there is neither mirror nor pier-glass to be found, search their house from one end of it to the other. But what of that? No unhandsome reflections can, in such a case, be cast by either party! I know them well; and a more harmonious couple I never met with. Now, Mr. Moore, in reply, what have you to urge? I datter myself I have overthrown your theory completely. 'Not a whit. Colonel—has got into a scrape, and like a soldier puts the best face he can upon it.' Those still exist who were witnesses to his exultation when one morning he entered Mrs.—'s drawing-room, with an open letter in his hand, and in his peculiarly joyous and animated manner exclaimed: 'Don't be surprised if I play all sorts of antics! I am like a child with a new rattle! Here is a letter from my friend Lord Byron, telling me he has dedicated to me his poem of the Corsair. Ah, Mrs.—it is nothing new for a poor poet to dedicate his poem to a great lord; but it is something passing strange for a great lord to dedicate his book to a poor poet.' The who know him most intimately feel no sort of hesitation in declaring, that he has again and again been heard to express regret at the earlier efforts of his muse; or reluctance in stating, at the same time, as a fact, that Mr. M. on two different occasions endeavoured to repurchase the copyright of certain poems; but, in each instance, the sum demanded was so exorbitant, as of itself to put an end to the negotiation. The attempt, however, does him honour. And, affectionate father as he is well known to be, when he looks at his beautiful little daughter, and those fears, and hopes, and cares, and anxieties, come over him which almost choke a parent's utterance as he gazes on a promising and idolised child, he will own the censures passed on those poems to be just; say more—every year will find him more and more sensible of the paramount importance of the union of female purity with female loveliness—more alive to the imperative duty, on a father's part, to guard the maiden bosom from the slightest taint of licentiousness. It is a fact not generally suspected, though his last work, '*The Epicurean*,' affords strong internal evidence of the truth of the observation, that few are more thoroughly conversant with Scripture than himself. Long may these sentiments abide in him! And as no man, to use his own words, 'ever had fiercer enemies or firmer friends'—as no man, to use those of others, was ever more bitter and sarcastic as a political enemy, more affectionate and devoted as a private friend, the more deeply his future writings are impregnated with the spirit of that volume, the more heartily, let him be well assured, will be his gratification in that hour when 'we shall think of those we love, only to regret that we have not loved more dearly, when we shall remember our enemies only to forgive them.'

sweep, with large brooms, the pavement round the Kaaba. In time of rain, I have seen the water stand on the pavement to the height of a foot: on such occasions many of the hadjys assist the eunuchs in removing it through several holes made in the pavement, which, it is said, lead to large vaults beneath the Kaaba, though the historians of Mekka and of the temple make no mention of them. The eunuchs are dressed in the Constantinopolitan *kaouk*, with wide robes bound by a sash, and carry a long stick in their hands. The engraving of their dress given by d'Ohsson is strikingly correct; as are, in general, all the representations of costume in that work, which I had an opportunity of comparing with the original. The number of eunuchs now exceeds forty, and they are supplied by Pashas and other grandees, who send them, when young, as presents to the mosque: one hundred dollars are sent with each as an outfit. Mohammed Aly presented ten young eunuchs to the mosque. At present there are ten grown-up persons, and twenty boys; the latter live together in a house till they are sufficiently instructed to be given in charge to their elder brethren, with whom they remain a few years, and then set up their own establishments. Extraordinary as it may appear, the grown-up eunuchs are all married to black slaves, and maintain several male and female slaves in their houses as servants. They affect great importance; and, in case of quarrels or riots, lay freely about them with their sticks. Many of the lower classes of Mekka kiss their hands on approaching them. Their chief, or Aga, whom they elect among themselves, is a great personage, and is entitled to sit in the presence of the Pasha and the Sherif. The eunuchs have a large income from the revenues of the mosque, and from private donations of the hadjys; they also receive regular stipends from Constantinople, and derive profit from trade; for, like almost all the people of Mekka, and even the first clergy, they are more or less engaged in traffic; and their ardour in the pursuit of commercial gain is much greater than that which they evince in the execution of their official duties, being equalled only by the eagerness with which they court the friendship of wealthy hadjys. Most of the eunuchs, or Towashys, are negroes; a few were copper-coloured Indians. One of the former is sometimes sent to the Soudan countries, to collect presents for the Kaaba. The fate of a eunuch of this description is mentioned by Bruce. Some years since a Towashy obtained permission to return to Soudan, on presenting another person to the mosque in his stead. He then repaired to Borgo, west of Darfour, and is now the powerful governor of a province. Whenever negro hadjys come to Mekka, they never fail to pay assiduous court to the Towashys. A Towashy, after having been once attached to the service of the Kaaba, which confers on him the appellation of Towashy el Neby (the prophet's eunuch), can never enter into any other service.—In the time of Ramadhan, (the last days of which month, in 1814, I passed at Mekka,) the mosque is particularly brilliant. The hadjys, at that period, (which happened to be in the hottest time of the year,) generally performed the three first daily prayers at home, but assembled in large crowds in the mosque for their evening devotions. Every one then carried in his handkerchief a few dates, a little bread and cheese, or some grapes, which he placed before him, waiting for the moment of the call to evening prayers to be allowed to break the fast. During this period of suspense, they

would politely offer to their neighbours a part of their meal, and receive as much in return. Some hadjys, to gain the reputation of peculiar charitableness, were going from man to man, and placing before each a few morsels of viands, followed by beggars, who, in their turn, received these morsels from those hadjys before whom they had been placed. As soon as the Imam on the top of Zemzem began his cry of 'Allahou Akbar,' (God is most great!) every one hastened to drink of the jar of Zemzem water placed before him, and to eat something, previous to joining in the prayer; after which they all returned home to supper, and again revisited the mosque for the celebration of the last evening orisons. At this time the whole square and colonnades were illuminated by thousands of lamps; and, in addition to these, most of the hadjys had each his own lantern standing on the ground before him. The brilliancy of this spectacle, and the cool breeze pervading the square, caused multitudes to linger here till midnight. This square, the only wide and open place in the whole town, admits through all its gates the cooling breeze; but this the Mekkawys ascribe to the waving wings of those angels who guard the mosque. I witnessed the enthusiasm of a Darfour pilgrim, who arrived at Mekka on the last night of Ramadhan. After a long journey across barren and solitary deserts, on his entering the illuminated temple he was so much struck with its appearance, and overawed by the black Kaaba, that he fell prostrate close by the place where I was sitting, and remained long in that posture of adoration. He then rose, burst into a flood of tears, and in the height of his emotion, instead of reciting the usual prayers of the visitor, only exclaimed, 'O God, now take my soul, for this is Paradise!'—The termination of the Hadj gives a very different appearance to the temple. Disease and mortality, which succeed to the fatigues endured on the journey, or are caused by the light covering of the ihram, the unhealthy lodgings at Mekka, the bad fare, and sometimes absolute want, fill the mosque with dead bodies, carried thither to receive the Imam's prayer; or with sick persons, many of whom, when their dissolution approaches, are brought to the colonnades, that they may either be cured by a sight of the Kaaba, or at least have the satisfaction of expiring within the sacred enclosure. Poor hadjys, worn out with disease and hunger, are seen dragging their emaciated bodies along the columns; and when no longer able to stretch forth their hand to ask the passenger for charity, they place a bowl to receive alms near the mat on which they lay themselves. When they feel their last moments approaching, they cover themselves with their tattered garments; and often a whole day passes before it is discovered that they are dead. For a month subsequent to the conclusion of the Hadj, I found, almost every morning, corpses of pilgrims lying in the mosque; myself and a Greek hadji, whom accident had brought to the spot, once closed the eyes of a poor Mogrebeyn pilgrim, who had crawled into the neighbourhood of the Kaaba, to breathe his last, as the Moslems say, 'in the arms of the prophet and of the guardian angels.' He intimated by signs his wish that we should sprinkle Zemzem water over him; and while we were doing so, he expired: half an hour afterwards he was buried. There are several persons in the service of the mosque employed to wash carefully the spot on which those who expire in the mosque have lain, and to bury all the poor and friendless strangers who die at Mekka."

*Sir J. Malcolm's History of Persia.*

THE general outlines and the history of Persia are so well known, or can be so easily gathered from any gazetteer or geographical grammar, that we consider it to be our most judicious course, to continue our illustrations of this sterling work, by extracts which exhibit national manners and feelings. These, with curious and characteristic anecdotes, out of the multitude with which Sir J. Malcolm enlivens his historical details, form, in our opinion, a very striking picture of this remarkable people.

"Nâdir Kooli himself never boasted of a proud genealogy: even his flattering historian, though he informs us that the father of his hero was a man of some consequence in his tribe, reveals the truth by a metaphorical apology for low birth, saying, that the diamond has its value from its own lustre, not from that of the rock where it grew. We learn from other sources, that he earned his livelihood by making coats and caps of sheepskins. Nâdir often spoke of his low birth; and when the pride of the royal house of Delhi required that his son, who was to marry a princess of that family, should give an account of his male ancestors for seven generations, the conqueror exclaimed: 'Tell them that he is son of Nâdir Shah, the son of the sword, the grandson of the sword, and so on, till they have a descent of seventy instead of seven generations!' \* \* \* A Persian MS. in my possession relates an anecdote of Nâdir, which shews how he understood the feelings of the most ignorant and the wickedest of his subjects. A native merchant, travelling from Cabool, had been robbed in a plain near Nishapore, and carried his complaint to the sovereign. 'Was there no one near but the robbers?' said Nâdir. 'None,' was the reply. 'Were there no trees, or stones, or bushes?' 'Yes,' said the man, 'there was one large solitary tree, under whose shade I was reposing when I was attacked.' Nâdir, on hearing this, affected great fury, and ordered two executioners to proceed and flog the tree every morning, till it either restored the lost property, or revealed the names of the thieves. The mandate of a king of Persia is always law; that of Nâdir was as irrevocable as fate. The executioners went; and the tree had not suffered flagellation above a week, when all the stolen goods were found one morning at its root. The alarmed robbers, who soon heard of the extravagant severity which inflicted such blows on an inanimate substance, trembled at the thought of the horrible punishment that awaited them, if they were ever discovered. When the result was reported to Nâdir, he smiled, and said, 'I knew what flogging that tree would produce.' \* \* \* The contempt of Nâdir for the arts by which the dervishes and other religious mendicants imposed on the credulity of his countrymen, was shewn on every occasion. Many believed that the holy Imâm Rezâ, who is interred at Meshed, continued to work miracles; and this belief gave rise to a number of impositions. Persons, pretending to be blind, went to his tomb; and, after a long period of prayer, opened their eyes, and declared that their sight had been restored by the holy Imâm. One of these was seated at the gate of the sacred mausoleum when Nâdir passed. 'How long have you been blind?' said the monarch. 'Two years,' answered the man. 'A proof,' replied Nâdir, 'that you have no faith. If you had been a true believer, you would have been cured long ago. Recollect, my friend, if I come back and find you as you

now are, I will strike your head off.' When Nâdir returned, the frightened fellow pretended to pray violently, and all at once found his sight. 'A miracle! a miracle!' the populace exclaimed, and tore off his coat in small pieces, as relics. The monarch smiled, and observed, 'that faith was every thing.'

"Kerreen Khan often repeated an anecdote of his early life, which shewed a feeling very uncommon among men of his condition. 'When I was a poor soldier,' said he, 'in Nâdir Shah's camp, my necessity led me to steal from a saddler a gold embossed saddle, sent by an Afghan chief to be repaired. I soon afterwards learnt that the saddler was in prison, and sentenced to be hung. My conscience smote me, and I replaced the saddle exactly in the place whence I took it. I watched till it was discovered by the saddler's wife: on seeing it, she gave a scream of joy, fell down on her knees, and prayed aloud that the person who had brought it back might live to have a hundred gold embossed saddles. I am quite certain,' Kerreen used to add, smiling, 'that the honest prayer of the old woman has aided my fortune in attaining that splendour which she desired I should enjoy.' \* \* \* It is the usage with the king of Persia to devote a number of hours every day to hear the complaints of his subjects. An anecdote is related of Kerreen Khan, which, while it shews the confidence reposed in his temper and justice, admirably illustrates the consideration and feeling with which he performed this important duty. He was one day retiring from his judgment-seat, harassed and fatigued with a long attendance, when a man rushed forward in apparent distraction, calling out in a loud voice for justice. 'Who are you?' said Kerreen. 'I am a merchant,' replied the man, 'and have been robbed and plundered by some thieves of all I possess.' 'What were you about,' said the prince, 'when you were robbed?' 'I was asleep,' answered the man. 'And why did you sleep?' exclaimed Kerreen in a peevish and impatient tone. 'Because,' said the undaunted Persian, 'I made a mistake, and thought you were awake.' The irritation of the royal judge vanished: he was too much pleased with the manly boldness of the petitioner to be offended at the reproach. Turning to his vizier, he bade him pay the amount of the merchant's losses from the treasury. 'We must,' he added, 'try to recover the property from the robbers.'"

"I find in one of my manuscripts a remarkable anecdote of Aga Mahomed Khan's conduct on one occasion. The meerza or secretary of Looft Ali was made prisoner, and brought before him. He demanded how he had dared to write firmans or mandates to him who was a sovereign? 'I wrote them,' said the man, 'by the order of my master, Looft Ali: my fear of him when present was greater than my dread of you who were at a distance.' 'Strike off his hands, and tear out his eyes!' exclaimed the enraged monarch. The savage order was instantly obeyed. Next day he sent for the son of the man whom he had so inhumanly treated, and said: 'Tell your father that the prophet has upbraided me in a dream for my cruel usage of him: what can I do to repair the injuries I have done?' 'He will desire, if he lives,' said the youth, 'to pass the remainder of his days at the tomb of the holy Ali, at Nujuff.' The king immediately directed that mules, tents, and every necessary equipment, should be furnished for his journey. He also sent him a present of three hundred toman (about three hundred pounds sterling), and en-

treated the young man to solicit his father to forgive him, and to remember him in his prayers."

"Joseph Emin, a brave and venturesome Armenian, furnishes us with many curious facts relating to the condition of Georgia. He gives no very favourable character of any class of its inhabitants; and he expresses his opinion of the nobles in this very odd but emphatic manner: 'They were born twenty-four hours before the devil!'

"Aga Mahomed often related an anecdote which displays his feelings while he was a prisoner in the hands of Kerreen Khan, and gives an insight into his extraordinary character. 'I had no power,' he said, 'of declaring openly that revenge which I always harboured against the murderers of my father, and the despoilers of my inheritance; but while I sat with Kerreen Khan in his hall of public assembly, I often employed myself in cutting his fine carpets with a penknife which I concealed under my cloak, and my mind felt some relief in doing him thus secretly all the injury I could.' When Aga Mahomed Khan mentioned this, the carpets that he had tried to destroy were become his own; and he used to add, 'I am now sorry for what I did: it was foolish, and shewed a want of foresight.'"

Speaking of the Georgians: "Slavery was the state to which many of these had been doomed from their birth: and, if we except the great misfortune to which the younger captives\* were exposed, of being educated in a different religion from their parents, their lot was not unhappy. The females, from their superior beauty, became in general the favourites of their haroms, and some of them were married to their masters: while the males, according to the usage of the country, were treated with kindness and partiality. They almost invariably obtained their liberty when they embraced the religion of their conquerors; and as they grew up, were either enrolled as soldiers, or retained as domestics. In the former case they frequently rose to high command and station; in the latter they were always favoured and confidential servants; and their children, being born in the house, were considered almost as relations of the family."

Aga Mahomed's "contempt of luxury was shewn on all occasions; and his policy made him seize every opportunity of giving his leaders and troops a pride in those hardships and privations to which their profession doomed them. After a march, or when fatigued with hunting, he would seat himself on the ground, and share with his officers in any repast that was brought. It happened one day, as he was eating some of the hard black bread and sour milk which form the common fare of the Persian soldier, that one of his principal ministers, who was seated near him, began to eat of the same food. The monarch instantly commanded him to desist. 'Eat as much as you like of your rich pillaws and fine sweetmeats,' said he; 'but never again let me see a fellow of a secretary, like you, touch the food of my soldiers.' The minister, with an inward smile, heard himself condemned to eat none but good and delicate viands, while the military chiefs and soldiers that sat around felt it as a distinction to live on a coarse diet which their sovereign shared, and

\* "Numbers of those who had attained the age of maturity preserved their own religion, and among them many females. An affluent merchant told me he had offered marriage to a beautiful Georgian, whom he had purchased from a soldier, if she would become Mahomedan, but in vain; 'she says so prettily,' he added, smiling, 'to her little images, that I have been half tempted myself to become an idolater.'"

from the very taste of which he had just debarred one of the first civil officers in the realm. \* \* \* From the habit of amassing riches, he became at last avaricious in a degree hardly to be believed. We are informed by one writer, that having overheard a poor man, whose ears he had ordered to be cut off for some trivial offence, offer a few pieces of silver to the executioner if he would take off only a part of them, the king called to the man, and told him, that if he would give him double the amount he had just offered to his servant, his ears should not be touched. The peasant threw himself on the ground to return thanks, and was going away, deeming the demand for money a mere pleasantry; but he was recalled, and soon convinced that his pardon depended on his instantly satisfying the mean avarice of the monarch. From another account we learn, that Aga Mahomed actually combined with an artful religious mendicant to obtain money from his courtiers. The man met him at a place appointed, when surrounded by officers of state. Apparently struck by his appearance and story, the king ordered a large amount to be given to him, and recommended the holy man to equal attention from others. The example of the sovereign was followed by the whole court; and the mendicant received a considerable sum. It was late at night before the impatience of Aga Mahomed revealed the secret. 'I have been cheated!' he exclaimed to his minister; 'that scoundrel of a mendicant, whom you saw this morning, not only promised to return what I gave him, but to give me half of what he received from others!' Horsemen were sent in every direction, but the wily fellow evaded all pursuit; and the courtiers secretly rejoiced in the disappointment of their monarch's cupidity."

"In one of my Persian manuscripts on the Soofees, is the following curious account of Shaikh Mohyudeen Abdool Kauder, of Ghilan, who was born A. H. 471, and died in 561. His mother declared that, when he was at the breast, he never tasted milk during the holy month of Ramsan: and in one of his works he gives the following account of himself. 'The day before the feast of Araf I went out into the fields and laid hold on the tail of a cow, which turned round and exclaimed: 'Oh Abdool Kauder, am I not that which thou has created me?' I returned home and went up to the terrace of my house: I saw all the pilgrims standing at the mountain of Arâfat, at Mecca. I went and told my mother I must devote myself to God: I wished to proceed to Bagdad, to obtain knowledge. I informed her what I had seen, and she wept: then taking out eighty deenars, she told me that, as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance. She made me swear, when she gave it to me, never to tell a lie; and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, 'Go, my son, I give thee to God. We shall not meet again until the day of judgment!' I went on well till I came near to Hamadan, when our kâfilah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had got? 'Forty deenars,' I said, 'are sewed under my garment.' The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking him. 'What have you got?' said another. I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where their chief stood. 'What property have you, my little fellow?' said he. 'I have told two of your people already,' I replied; 'I have forty deenars sewed up carefully in my clothes.' He desired them to be ripped open, and found my money. 'And how came you,' said he with

surprise, 'to declare so openly what has been so carefully hidden?' 'Because,' I replied, 'I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised that I will never conceal the truth.' 'Child,' said the robber, 'hast thou such a sense of thy duty to thy mother at thy years; and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy,' he continued, 'that I may swear repentance upon it.' He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene. 'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to their chief, 'be the same in the path of virtue;' and instantly, at his order, they made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on my hand. Mohy-udeen arrived at Bagdad in A. H. 488, and, consequently, when this event happened, must have been sixteen or seventeen years of age. His learning and virtue are spoken of with rapture. According to the author I write from, God granted all his requests; and the divine vengeance fell on those he hated. In A. H. 521 he began his public lectures. High Soonee authorities, of the sect of Shafei, report many of his miracles. He himself gives the following account of his fasting, previous to his becoming a disciple of his teacher. 'I was eleven years in a *burj* (tower); and when there, I declared to God I would not eat or drink till some one caused me to do so. I remained forty days; after which a person brought a little meat, put it before me, and went away: my life was nearly springing out at the sight of the victuals, but I refrained; and I heard a voice from within me call out; 'I am hungry, I am hungry;' at that moment Shaikh Aboo Syud Mukzoomee (a celebrated Soofee) passed, and hearing the voice, exclaimed: 'What is that?' 'It is my mortal part,' I replied; 'but the soul is yet firm, and awaits the result.' 'Come to my house,' he said; and went away. I resolved, however, to fulfil my vow, and remained where I was; but Elias came and told me to follow the Syud, whom I found at his door waiting. 'You would not comply with my wish,' said he, 'till it was enforced by Elias.' After this he gave me meat and drink in plenty, and then invested me with a *khirkâ*, (or sacred mantle), and I became his confirmed friend and companion.'"

Another paper of these entertaining anecdotes will close our selections from this interesting and valuable history.

*Scriptorum Veterum nova Collectio, à Vaticanis Codicibus.* Editâ ab Angelo Maio, Bibliothecæ Vaticanæ Prefecto. Tomus III. Romæ, 1828. 4to. pp. 800.

THIS third volume, in Greek and Latin, contains, besides the editor's preface, 1. The lives of all the Cæsars, till Michael VIII. Paleologus; a history which embraces 1300 years, written in 10,410 Greek iambics by Efreminus, and translated into Latin by the editor. The last part of this history gives us also the catalogue of the patriarchs of Constantinople during the above period. 2. A treatise by Metodius, a monk, against schism, in Greek, with a Latin translation by the editor. 3. The commentaries of Caius Marcus Victorinus, on the letters of St. Paul to the Galatians, to the Philippians, and to the Ephesians. 4. An essay, by the same Victorinus, in defence of the Christian religion against the natural philosophers. 5. A description of various Cassinese codices, and of the learned works of the celebrated Joseph Simon Assemani. 6. A letter, or rather a treatise, of Fernando Diaconus against the Arians, from a Cassinese codex.

7. A prologue, by the editor, respecting the publication of discourses and commentaries taken from very ancient palimpsests. 8. An ancient commentary on the Gospel of St. Luke. 9. Very ancient sermons, with ample annotations by the editor; to which are added, some liturgical fragments of equal antiquity. 10. A fragment against the Arians. 11. A letter of Florus Diaconus respecting the emendation of the Psalter. 12. A prologue of St. Isidore, prefixed to an edition of the Psalter by him. 13. The Gospel of St. Matthew according to a most ancient MS. 14. Julius Paris, abridger of Valerius Maximus. 15. Januarius Neposianus, another abridger of Valerius Maximus. 16. An ancient epitome of the books of St. Augustine upon music. 17. Four ancient homilies. 18. Two Greek orations of Theodulus; one on the duties of the king towards the people, the other on the duties of the people towards the king. 19. Four new Greek Sibylline books, of above 1000 Greek hexameters. The frontispiece of the volume is adorned with a fac-simile engraving of ancient writing.

*Classicum Auctorum à Vaticanis Codicibus editorum Tomus I., complectens Ciceronis de Republicâ quæ supersunt, Gargilii Martialis de Arboribus Pomiferis, Sallustii Historiarum, et Archimedis Fragmenta: cum quinque tabulis aeneis.* Curante A. Maio, Bib. Vat. Pref. Romæ, 1828. 8vo. pp. 518.

THIS is a new series of authors strictly classical. The first is Cicero on the Republic, as far as it has been possible to recover it in our times, by taking it from a codex rescriptus, and adding the various fragments quoted by known authors. The editor has revised his first edition both of the text of Cicero and of his own notes, and has added various inedited fragments of the Greek Proclus, which illustrate the Republic of Plato in passages parallel with those of Cicero. The next is an inedited piece by Gargilius Martialis, de Arboribus Pomiferis, taken from a palimpsest at Naples, and divided into four sections, *de amygdalâ, de persico, de cydonio, de castaneâ*. Then follows a valuable fragment of the third book of the lost histories of Sallust, well and correctly engraved on three plates. The preceding editions of this fragment have been extremely bad. Two very ancient parchments in the Vatican have at length restored it in its real merit. The volume is concluded by some theorems in Greek, from the work of Archimedes on bodies floating in water, which was published in Latin by Commandini; but the Greek text perished without seeing the light—for that of the Frenchman Rivalt is of his own composition. Of this lost Greek text we here recover some fragments.

*Classicum Auctorum, &c. Tom. II.* 8vo. pp. 553. Romæ, 1828.

IN this second volume, which is as interesting as the first, the editor offers to the public all the new writings of Cicero which, besides the Republic, have been recently discovered by him, and some also by others, besides an ancient and learned inedited commentator on Cicero's orations. Lastly, a great part of the orations against Verres, from an admirable palimpsest, which very frequently differs from the printed copies. The new parts of Cicero's orations are, pro Flacco, in Clodium et Curionem; de are alieno Milonis, de rege Alexandrino, pro Scauro, pro Tullio, pro Milone, pro Fonteio, pro Rabirio: gems for all of which we are indebted to the study of the pa-

limpsests. The classical commentator illustrates twelve of Cicero's orations, and is full of erudition and good sense, with an elegant style, and affords important information to antiquaries and philologists; and the text of the orations against Verres, as now published, will undoubtedly be adopted as the most authentic in future editions, since the codex from which it is taken is so near the age of its author; of the writing of which, as well as of the above-mentioned commentator, a copious specimen, engraved on copper, is given.

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Reginald Trevor; or, the Welsh Loyalists.* By Edward Trevor Anwyl. 3 vols. 12mo. Newman and Co.

BATTLE, murder, and sudden death, love and difficulties—all terminating in that *summum bonum* of novelists, marriage—compose a novel at least as good as the generality of its brethren, and peculiarly entitled to regard, as relating to a theme not too much hackneyed—Welsh scenery and manners.

*William Montgomery; or, the Young Artist.* By Mrs. Blackford, Author of "the Eskdale Herd-Boy," &c. Pp. 311. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

A VERY pleasing production for the use of young people; and the last tale, though by a different hand, is well worthy of the attention of our juvenile friends.

*Montmorency; a Tragic Drama.* By W. H. Montague. London, 1828. Joy.

THE first of a series of historical and other dramas, written with a considerable portion of spirit: and the leading character, the brave and unfortunate Montmorency, might be made very interesting in the hands of an efficient actor. Perhaps compression is what we should principally advise our young author to study.

*Specimens of a Translation of the Henriade of Voltaire.* 8vo. pp. 38. London, 1828. George Swire.

ONE of the best specimens of translation we have seen;—enough to make us recommend a more original exertion of his talents to the author. The *Henriade*, however well translated, would be matter of indifference to most English readers; and those capable of appreciating its beauties would prefer it in its native dress. We cannot but think its translator capable of something more attractive.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Jan. 23.

THERE is no place, perhaps, where transitions from gay to grave are more frequently experienced than in this city. Last week the royal *château* was the theatre of pleasure and feasting; and, but a few days since, its walls were hung with black in memory of the assassination of the unfortunate Louis XVI. It is impossible to contemplate the palace of the Tuileries on that day, without feeling an indescribable sensation of awe and melancholy: the leaflessness of the trees which surround it, the silence of the sentinels, the deserted walks, the rigour of the season, all combine to inspire gloom,—for Nature herself seems to sympathise with the horrors of which it was the consummation.

Towards the evening of the memorable 21st of January, a remarkable circumstance took place in the Tuileries' gardens: three gentlemen, the eldest of whom appeared to have counted four score years, walked for more than an hour up and down the centre

alley, and seemed, by the movements of his hands, and some broken sentences which were gathered from his conversation, to be recalling past events, and tracing with memory's pencil scenes of blood and misery. He wept violently, and gave at least one example, in this age of *oubli*, of the constancy of attachment. I could not discover the name of the aged stranger; but on leaving the gardens he looked towards the king's apartments, and, raising his hands, exclaimed, "*Malheureux Français!*"

The Parisian surgeons and physicians are much enraged at the assertions of certain English writers; namely, that at the hospitals in this capital they despatch their patients in double-quick time, for the purpose of dissection. As *la vérité pique surtout*, the whole *Æsculapean* body are up in arms, and a great slaughter is to be expected.

Another magnificent ball is to be given in a day or two by her grace la Duchesse de Berri;—I suppose as a digestive to sorrow, and a contrast to the gloom which prevailed a few days ago. The French have so much *sensibilité*, they require to be *distrain*!

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY evening, Jan. 30.—The subject for this evening was, "Observations, original and select, on Vegetable Metamorphoses," by Mr. Burnet.

The lecturer briefly adverted to the metamorphoses of the poets, as founded upon the regular changes which the substance of plants undergoes when influenced by vegetable life; and also to the absurd theories relative to metamorphoses entertained by early and even by more recent philosophers. He then took a view of the interesting and extraordinary changes which are common in the vegetative process; and detailed a series of them which can be effected by art, whereby one part of a plant is made to perform the functions of another;—the branches to become roots, and the roots branches;—the leaf-buds to become flower-buds (producing fruit), and the flower-buds leaf-buds. Mr. Burnet next noticed the extraordinary change which takes place in the aspect, weight, bulk, and general character of plants when subjected to careful cultivation. *Et. gr.*: the cauliflower originally weighed only a quarter of an ounce; in like manner the weight of the common cabbage, prior to cultivation, was about half an ounce: specimens of that esculent were now to be found weighing sixty pounds each! "These metamorphoses," said Mr. Burnet, "are of the highest importance, because they give man a certain degree of command over the produce of the seed obtained from the soil." The observations were well received. At their close Mr. Faraday stepped forward and said, that in future occasional remarks would be made on any scientific donations which might be placed on the library-table: this intimation was received with hearty plaudits. Mr. Faraday then directed the attention of the auditors to several specimens of steel plates prepared by Signor Nobili, of Modena, and called by him *metallo-chrome*, from the beautiful series of colours exhibited upon them: "these colours," said Mr. F., "are produced by the precipitation of very thin films of metal upon the steel under the influence of the voltaic pile, and form part of the general series of colours exhibited by the same plates, and described by Newton." Signor Nobili has, it appears, the power of giving a great variety of forms to these designs, thereby rendering them

highly ornamental. Mr. Faraday explained the general principles of the process from the lecture-table.

Besides Signor Nobili's plates, there were exhibited various models of Hindu manufacturing implements, lent by the Asiatic Society, and also some finely illuminated Hindu mythological drawings. An improved reflecting telescope by Mr. Cuthbert was also on the table: it is only half the usual length of a reflecting telescope of equal power, and possesses great steadiness and portability: the stand is so constructed that the telescope can be instantly moved in any required direction, independently of the screws: thus affording a great saving of time and trouble in the making of observations on celestial bodies.

There was a good attendance of members and visitors during the evening: amongst the latter we noticed the Countess of Glengall and one of the Ladies Seymour: several noble lords were also present during the delivery of Mr. Burnet's lecture.

### LINNEAN SOCIETY: 45TH SESSION.

Nov. 4.—A paper was read, entitled, a "Description of a new species of the genus *Phalangista*, from New Holland," by Thomas Bell, esq. F.R.S. and L.S.

Dec. 2.—An account of a new species of Pheasant, by Mr. Benjamin Leadbeater, F.L.S. Two living specimens of this splendid bird, which is originally from the mountains of Cochin China, were presented by the King of Ava to Sir Archibald Campbell, and by him to the Countess Amherst. Her ladyship succeeded in bringing them both alive to England; but they unfortunately died soon after their arrival.

Nov. 18.—On the nature and origin of the ligulate rays in *Zinnia*, and on a remarkable multiplication observed in the parts of fructification of that genus, by Mr. David Don, Lib. L.S. Notices of several land and freshwater Shells, new to Great Britain, with occasional observations; in a letter addressed to Lewis Warton Dillwyn, esq. F.R.S. and L.S., by J. G. Jeffreys, esq.

Dec. 16.—Observations on some species of the genera *Tetrao* (grouse) and *Ortyx*, natives of North America; with descriptions of four new species of the former, and two of the latter genus, by Mr. David Douglas, F.L.S. Specimens of these birds were exhibited to the meeting, and some of the grouse were of great beauty, especially one, named *Tetrao urophasianus*, about the size of the wood-grouse (*Tetrao urogallus*), which it may be considered to represent in the new continent.

Jan. 20.—Descriptions of new genera and species of the class *Compositæ*, belonging to the Floras of Peru, Mexico, and Chile, by Mr. David Don, Lib. L.S.

Feb. 3.—Some observations on the common Bat of Pennant; with an attempt to prove its identity with the *Pipistrelle* of French authors, by the Rev. Leonard Jenyns, M.A. F.L.S.

At this meeting, Mons. Bonpland, the celebrated companion of Humboldt in his travels in South America; Mons. Brisseau Mirbel, of the French Academy; Professor Meckel, of Halle; Professor Say, of Philadelphia; and Dr. Wahlberg, of Upsal, were proposed as foreign members of the Society.

### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Wednesday Evening.

WILLIAM TOOKE, esq., vice-president, in the chair. The large silver medal was awarded, by ballot, to Mr. Carey, for his mode of pre-

venting rot in ships' timbers, by means of charcoal and a solution of salt.

The Secretary read the minutes of a former meeting, relative to the discontinuing of the practice of distributing the Society's annual prizes at the King's Theatre. Martin Stapleton, esq. moved that the re-consideration of the question be postponed to an extraordinary general meeting of the members. After a very protracted discussion, in which the expediency of returning to the Society's house with the annual distribution, and of discontinuing the King's Theatre, was tolerably evident, Mr. Stapleton's motion was put, and negatived by a considerable majority. The minutes stand for confirmation at next meeting.

### NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

ALL specimens sent to the National Repository for the ensuing exhibition (which it is intended to open this month), are to remain under the control of the Board of Management until the close of the exhibition, when, unless sold for their benefit, they will be re-delivered to the owners.

The models and specimens intrusted to the Repository are carefully preserved; but the board of management is not responsible for any damage that may arise by accident: and artisans and manufacturers who may be desirous of bringing productions of their skill and industry before the public at the exhibition, are invited to send their names and addresses, and the prices of the various articles to the Secretary.

The gallery is now open daily for the reception of novelties, and no charges are made for the benefit of exhibition.

### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

At the annual general meeting of this Institution, held on the 20th Jan., a most gratifying report was laid before the members by the council, to whom the interests of the Society are committed, and who are annually elected from the class of ordinary members. In this report, besides a favourable financial statement, the institution is congratulated on the accession of twenty-three new members during the last year. In the present year, eight new members have been proposed.

The evening conversations commenced on the 27th ultimo. The first of these meetings was honoured by the presence of an active honorary member, the President of the Royal Society. The questions discussed, were, on "the best method of preserving iron from rust," and on "the best method of improving turnpike roads." Among the valuable remarks induced by the first question, the President of the Institution minutely described the process adopted for the preservation of the iron-work used in the Menai bridge.

On the latter question, Mr. Nimbo, whose experience is acknowledged in that particular branch of engineering, entered into an accurate detail of his method of forming roads over bogs: he gave sections, dimensions, and even the technical terms used for every part of such works, as executed by him in Ireland. The fruits of many years' experience, enhanced in value by the judicious comments of the better informed members, are thus offered in the form of conversation, with a liberality which is a pleasant, and perhaps a novel, feature of this Institution.

### LA PEROUSE.

WE could hardly have imagined, after the conclusive account given in our *Gazette* of the 12th of April last, together with an engraving of the

arms\* of Colignon, the naturalist, who accompanied La Pérouse, which, on comparison with the arms belonging to that name in works of French heraldry, proved that the articles found at Manicolo, must have belonged to the expedition whose catastrophe had been so long a subject of mystery — we could hardly have imagined, we say, that after these circumstances were published, any doubt could remain on the question, or any later claim be set up to the merit of having solved it. It appears, however, that though Captain Peter Dillon, in 1826, obtained such intelligence as to induce him, under the auspices of the East India Company, to return in September, 1827, to Manicolo (or Vanicolo), and there ascertain the facts we have stated, obtaining five brass guns, a mortar, ships' knees, a frigate's rudder, &c., bells, plate, (including the candlestick alluded to,) and other articles of French manufacture, and stamped with *Jeux-de-lis*, — it is now alleged that Captain d'Urville, of the *Astrolabe*, assisted by the inhabitants of Tucopia, who had previously accompanied Captain Dillon, made this discovery in March 1828, i. e. at the very time we were publishing throughout Europe those particulars which entirely set the matter to rest. We cannot but consider this attempt as very unfair towards Captain Dillon and towards our Indian government, which so liberally promoted the inquiry, whether carried on by French or English navigators. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat*, is a just motto, and we trust it will be immediately awarded in this instance by the Savans, and Literary and Scientific Institutions, as well as by the King of France, to whom, we understand, Captain Dillon has proceeded with the relics which he procured at Manicolo. We beg to refer them to our Journal of the date above quoted; and we have no doubt but our countryman will receive the honour and the reward so justly due to his enterprise.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Jan. 31. — On Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred: —  
*Masters of Arts*. — Rev. W. Palmer, Magdalen Hall; F. H. Grewell, Fellow of Brasenose College; Rev. H. Freeman, Wadham College; R. C. Dallas, Oriel College.  
*Bachelors of Arts*. — C. W. Fuller, Christ Church; C. M. Newbold, G. D. Grundy, Brasenose College.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER 27th. — A paper was read, entitled, "A Description of a Microscopic Doublet," by D. H. Wollaston, M.D., V.P.R.S.

The author, considering that in all microscopes distinct vision is impeded instead of being assisted by whatever light may be thrown upon the object beyond what is fully commanded by the object-glass, obviates this evil by collecting the admitted light to a focus in the same as the object to be examined. For this purpose he employs a plane mirror to direct the light, and a plane convex lens to collect it; the plane side of the lens being towards the object to be illuminated. Availing himself of the property possessed by that form of eye-piece for astronomical telescopes called the Huygenian, of correcting both chromatic and spherical aberration, the author conceived that, by applying to a microscope the same combination reversed, he might obtain similar advantages. The construction he employed resembles two thimbles fitted one within the other by screwing, and with a perforation at the extremity of each. In these perforations are fixed two suitable plano-convex lenses, which may thus have their axes easily brought into the same

line by means of their plane surfaces, while their distance from each other may be adjusted by screwing, so as to produce the best effect of which they are capable. The best relative proportion of the foci of the two lenses appears, from the trials made by the author, to be that of three to one. The distances between their plane surfaces should in general be about 1-4 of the shorter focus, but should be varied by trial till the utmost possible degree of distinctness has been attained. The lenses must be fixed in their cells with their plane sides next to the object to be viewed. The exterior cell of the compound magnifier should be formed with a flanch, so that it may rest upon the piece that receives it. The plane convex lens by which the object is illuminated is enclosed in a tube about six inches long, blackened in the inside, and having a circular perforation below of about three-tenths of an inch in diameter for limiting the light reflected from the plane mirror. The centre of this aperture must be in the common axis of the lenses; and the image of the perforation formed by the large lens must be brought, by proper adjustment of the distance of that lens, into the same plane as the object to be examined. With a microscope so constructed, the author has seen the finest striae and serratures upon the scales of the lepidina and podura, and the scales upon a gnat's wing, with a degree of delicate perspicuity not attainable with any other microscope he has tried. In consequence of the plane surface of the lens being next to the object viewed, the microscope of Dr. Wollaston possesses the important advantage of having its action undisturbed by the contact of a fluid under examination.

January 29th. — A paper was read on a definite arrangement and order of the appearance and progress of the Aurora Borealis, and in its height above the surface of the earth; by the Rev. James Farquharson, minister of the parish of Alford, in Aberdeenshire. Communicated by the president.

The results of the numerous observations of the author on the Aurora Borealis, which on several occasions were made under very favourable circumstances, had already been announced in a short paper published in 1823 in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal; and it was concluded from them that the Aurora Borealis has in all cases a determinate arrangement and figure, and follows an invariable order in its appearance and progress; that the pencils of rays or streamers, as they are called, generally make their first appearance in the north, and as they rise from the horizon assume the form of an arch, extending from east to west, and having its vertex in the plane of the magnetic meridian; the arch itself being at right angles to the plane. While the arch is near the horizon, its breadth from north to south is considerable, and the streamers of which it is composed appear to be nearly at right angles to the general line of the arch, their directions converging to a point a few degrees to the south of the zenith. As the arch moves forward towards the south, its lateral dimensions appear to contract, the intensity of its light increases, and the direction of the streamers, still tending to the same point in the heavens, approaches more nearly to parallelism with that of the arch. When it has passed the zenith, and arrived at the above-mentioned point, a little to the south of the zenith, the arch is seen as a narrow belt, three or four degrees only in breadth, and with well-defined edges. In its further progress southwards it again enlarges in breadth, and exhibits in a reverse

order the same succession of changes as before. Hence the author concludes that the streamers have individually a position nearly vertical or parallel to the magnetic dip; and they form a thin fringe, stretching often to a great distance from east to west, at right angles to the magnetic meridian, and that the movement of the fringe from north to south takes place by the extinction of streamers at its northern side, and the formation of new ones contiguous to its southern side.

From a variety of observations which were detailed in this paper, the author infers, in opposition to the opinion of Mr. Dalton, that the region occupied by this meteor is above, but contiguous to, that of the clouds, or at least to that in which aqueous vapour is condensed, so as afterwards to appear in the form of clouds. The height of this region he estimates as in general about two thousand feet above the surface; and he is of opinion, that while such is the height of the lower ends of the vertical streamers, their upper ends may have an elevation of two or three thousand feet more.

February 5th. — The president in the chair. A paper by Dr. Wollaston, on a Differential Barometer, was read. A model of this curious instrument, constructed by the doctor himself, was exhibited. This barometer is designed for the purpose of ascertaining the different pressure of the atmosphere in various situations on the earth's surface.

Mr. Walker's third nautical paper, on the Stability of Compound Vessels, was also read.

#### ORIENTAL TRANSLATION FUND.

We understand that the progress of this Fund is beyond all hopes. The committee have several volumes nearly ready to place in the hands of the subscribers, and are about to put very many others to the press. They are likely to draw within their focus all the Oriental works in Europe; and if properly supported, they promise to be one of the most powerful literary bodies hitherto established in any age or country. Their publications also possess another quality calculated to make them exceedingly valuable, from their title-pages being beautifully illuminated, and bearing the name of the subscriber highly emblazoned; thus rendering each work a distinguished heirloom, which may be preserved in every great family of the kingdom.

#### THE GRECIAN DILEMMA.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR, — In the Morning Chronicle of the 18th ult. appeared an article containing a celebrated question, to which I now propose to give an answer, and which article I here quote.

"The Dilemma retorted; or, the Master outwitted by his Scholar." — It appears that the ancient lawyers were not less versed in the subtleties of logic than their successors, the gentlemen of the long robe at present. We have been favoured with the following instance of special pleading in the courts of Athens: — Euathlus promised Protagoras a reward when he had taught him the art of pleading; and it was to be paid him the first day that he gained any cause in the court. After a considerable time, Protagoras goes to law with Euathlus for the reward, and uses this dilemma: — "Either the cause will go on my side or on yours; if the cause goes on my side, you must pay me according to the sentence of the judge; if the cause goes on your side, you must pay me according to your bargain; therefore, whether the cause goes for me or against me, you must pay me the reward." But Euathlus retorted this dilemma thus: — "Either I shall gain the cause or lose it; if I gain the cause, nothing will be due to you according to the sentence of the judge; if I lose the cause, nothing will be due to you according to my bargain; therefore, whether I gain or lose the cause, I will not pay you; for nothing will be due to you."

Reid, in his examination of Aristotle's Logic, gives a full account of this dilemma; and from him I extract what follows: — "Euathlus bound himself to pay Protagoras as soon as he should plead a cause before the judges and gain it. But Euathlus, having been taught to plead, shewed no desire to exercise the art, and consequently none to pay Protagoras. The latter seeing this, goes to law, and speaks thus: 'O most foolish

\* These arms appeared on a plated candlestick, discovered, together with arms, pieces of money, &c. in the possession of the natives.

young man! do you not see that in any event I must gain my point? If the judges give sentence for me, you must pay by their sentence; if against me, the condition of our bargain is fulfilled, and you have no plea left for your delay, after having pleaded and gained a cause. But Euathlus retorts thus: 'O most wise master! do you not see that whatever sentence the judges pass, I am safe? If they give sentence for me, I am acquitted by their sentence; if against me, the condition of our bargain is not fulfilled, by my pleading a cause, and losing it.'

According to Reid, the judges were so perplexed by this dilemma, that they declined giving sentence. Reid himself does not attempt to solve it. Lahurpe, in his *Cours de Littérature*, does attempt, but fails—for he cuts the knot instead of untying it. Nor am I aware that a solution has been given by any other author.

In deciding, the judges necessarily either *annul* or *respect* the bargain made by P. and E. If they annul it, they avoid the dilemma; for the dilemma cannot exist if the bargain is annulled. If they respect it, they encounter the dilemma; for the dilemma exists of necessity if the bargain is respected.

I. Suppose the judges to annul the bargain. The case is now clear and simple, and divested of all logical intricacy—as the dilemma does not exist. If they decide for P., E. must pay; as he has no ground left by which to avoid paying, the bargain being annulled. If they decide for E., P. cannot come to him for payment; as he cannot now urge the terms of the bargain, that being annulled.

II. Suppose the judges to respect the bargain. The case is now difficult and perplexing, and involved in logical intricacy—as the dilemma does exist. Let us, for convenience, divide the case into two parts:

1. If the judges decide for P., E. cannot be compelled to pay; as he avoids paying by the terms of the bargain, that being respected. But how, it may be asked, can the bargain protect him against the decision of the judges? In this way: he brings a second action to compel P. to fulfil the bargain; and in this he gains the cause, the judges deciding that P. shall fulfil the bargain. But do not the two decisions, it may be asked, involve a contradiction in terms? Do they not say and unsay the same thing? By no means.

In the first trial the point at issue is—shall P. receive a sum of money? *i. e.* shall he receive money absolutely, unconditionally, independently on the bargain? In the second trial the point at issue is—shall P. fulfil the bargain? *i. e.* shall he receive money relatively, conditionally, dependently on the bargain? The first trial is not founded on the bargain, and has no reference to it; the second trial has reference to the bargain, and is founded on it. The judges therefore may, consistently with logic, decide for P. in the first trial, and against him in the second; the trials turning on different points.

2. If the judges decide for E., P. can compel him to pay; as he can now urge the terms of the bargain, that being respected. But how, it may be asked, can the bargain protect him against the decision of the judges? In this way: he brings a second action to compel E. to fulfil the bargain; and in this he gains the cause, the judges deciding that E. shall fulfil the bargain. But do not the two decisions, it may be asked, involve a contradiction in terms? Do they not say and unsay the same thing? By no means. In the first trial the point at issue is—shall E. pay a sum of money? *i. e.* shall he pay money absolutely, unconditionally, independently on the bargain? In the second trial the point at issue is—shall E. fulfil the bargain, *i. e.* shall he pay money relatively, conditionally, dependently on the bargain? The first trial is not founded on the bargain, and has no reference to it; the second trial has reference to the bargain, and is founded on it. The judges therefore may, consistently with logic, decide for E. in the first trial, and against him in the second; the trials turning on different points.

The dilemma has no concern with the query, Which is in fault, P. or E.? The answer to this query must be found in the ordinary way, being determined by the nature of the case. Suppose it to be known which is the guilty person, then, and not till then, can the dilemma come into operation. The tendency of the dilemma is to prevent punishment from falling on the guilty, by opposing the decision to the bargain and the bargain to the decision, and thus making them neutralise each other. In short, the dilemma tends to save the guilty from being punished, not from being known.

1. Suppose the judges to be satisfied that P. meant to defraud. If they annul the bargain, *i. e.* if they avoid the dilemma, they should decide against him: if they respect the bargain, *i. e.* if they encounter the dilemma, they should decide for him, to enable E. to come upon him by means of the bargain.

2. Suppose the judges to be satisfied that E. meant to defraud. If they annul the bargain, *i. e.* if they avoid the dilemma, they should decide against him: if they respect the bargain, *i. e.* if they encounter the dilemma, they should decide for him, to enable P. to come upon him by means of the bargain. And *as*, according to the story, E. was the person who meant to defraud, the judges should have acted on the second plan.

Having thus given my solution of this dilemma, I shall feel obliged by your inserting it in your popular periodical—I am, Sir, &c.

JOHN ROGERS.

13, New End, Hampstead, Jan. 6, 1829.

## FINE ARTS.

### BRITISH GALLERY.

In our last we paid a just tribute of praise to the interesting Exhibition which has been

opened to the public at the Gallery of the British Institution. In one point of view, however, the number of clever works which that Exhibition contains is a subject of painful contemplation; and that feeling is increased upon reading the following advertisement, which the directors of the Institution (evidently with the kindest intentions) have prefixed to their Catalogue, and by which it appears that they have been compelled to reject, for want of room, not only performances of an inferior character, but even pictures "of considerable merit."

"Many more pictures having been sent to the British Institution this year for exhibition than usual, the directors have been obliged to return several works of considerable merit, lamenting that the limited space of their gallery precluded the possibility of admitting them."

This superabundance of production must lead to the most melancholy results. What Canova said of the young sculptors of Italy in his day, is but too applicable to the young artists of England at the present moment:—"Now that Italy and all Europe are full to repletion of works of art, what can all these young students expect?" In many, we fear in most, cases, only a life of severe struggle and bitter disappointment. It is with reluctance that we thus express ourselves; but we feel the force and honesty of Mr. Fuseli's sentiment in one of his lectures—"it is better to deter than to delude."

We proceed, in fulfilment of our promise, to particularise some of the most prominent and beautiful of the works which compose the Exhibition.

No. 62. *Battle of St. Vincent*. G. Jones, R.A.

No. 156. *His late Majesty presenting a Sword to Earl Howe*. H. P. Briggs, A.R.A.—These two pictures, which were painted for the British Institution, for the purpose of being presented to Greenwich Hospital, may not inaptly be considered as representing cause and effect, service and reward. If, in some respects, they are not exactly what could be wished, allowance must be made for the difficulties under which an artist labours to whom subjects of such a nature are prescribed.

No. 474. *Satan*. J. Partridge.—A single figure, exhibiting great simplicity of composition and vigour of character: it is also finely coloured.

No. 109. *Mary Magdalen*. T. Barker.—In the purely historical style of Domenichino.

No. 276. *A View of part of Cyrene*. H. Beechey.—Exceedingly sublime, and reminding us strongly of some of the finest pictures of the two Poussins.

These works struck us as among the foremost of the high and classical character in art. We now turn to more familiar subjects.

No. 166. *The Disconsolate*. G. S. Newton.

—An artist who has given abundant proof that he can paint the face, and paint it well, may hide it without dishonour; and indeed may, as in the present instance, excite a more intense feeling by the concealment. There is exquisite pathos in this fascinating little picture; and nothing can exceed the grace and beauty of the composition, or the richness and harmony of the colouring.

No. 23. *A Turk*. R. P. Bonington.—An additional reason for lamenting the premature fate of this highly-gifted young artist.

No. 57. *The Hall of Cedric; Ivanhoe*. Jos. West.—On first looking at this beautiful little work, we thought that there had been some mistake, and that it was a sketch by one of the old masters, probably Paul Veronese, which had been left on the wall from the last Exhibi-

tion. We do not recollect having before seen the name of the able artist; but we offer him the tribute of our hearty and sincere commendation.

No. 32. *Italian Boy and Monkey*. A. Morton.—Mr. Morton has here reached the climax of excellence in this class of painting subjects, and may challenge competition with any of the productions of Flemish art. It is impossible to look at the arch countenance of the young vagabond (whose face is familiar to us) without cheerful feelings.

No. 55. *The Young Artist*. Mrs. W. Carpenter.—One of the happiest efforts of Mr. Carpenter's happy pencil. The expression of the principal figure (a girl at that delightful age immediately preceding the pollution and distortion which the passions too frequently occasion) is full of taste, sweetness, and delicacy; and the whole picture is chastely and beautifully coloured.

No. 3. *The Prisoner*. No. 4. *A Foraging Party routed*. No. 136. *The Modern Diogenes*. T. Webster.—We suspect that Mr. Webster must himself have been a very naughty boy; he seems so thoroughly conversant with all the mischievous tricks of naughty boys, and with all the discipline which those tricks draw down on their perpetrators. If so, however, it only shows that a very naughty boy may make a very good painter; perhaps,—there is more in the hypothesis than appears at first sight,—the naughtier the boy, the better the painter!

No. 160. *Auld Robin Gray*. T. Knight.—Why place so clever a picture as this so much below the eye? Often as the subject has been treated, it has never been handled with more skill. The reluctance of the young lassie, the assiduity of the old lover, and the anxiety of the parents, are all highly expressive. The style of execution is perfect,—forming the happy medium between too hard and too loose, too broad and too minute, too careful and too slovenly.

No. 50. *Love at Naples*. T. Uwins.—Love any where is a very agreeable kind of pastime; but at Naples it seems to be absolutely luxurious. We are rejoiced to find Mr. Uwins profiting so much from his studies in Italy. This is a beautiful composition, richly and powerfully executed.

No. 54. *The Bandit's Home*. T. V. Barber.—A picture which, although hung at an elevation most injurious to its effect, appears to us to be possessed of great merit.

No. 116. *Jun Stoen's Proposal*. J. N. Wright.—This is a very pleasing and satisfactory example of the facility with which our artists can imitate the Flemish school.

No. 78. *The Hookah-bearer*. H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.—All that could be done with such a subject has been accomplished by Mr. Pickersgill. The character is very fine, and the colouring powerful and harmonious.

No. 51. *Cottage Children going to Bed*. Sir W. Beechey, R.A.—A rich and playful recreation of Sir William's masterly pencil.

No. 53. *Italian Boy and Organ*. F. S. Monau.—Powerfully deceptive.

No. 178. *Sketch from Nature*. F. R. Lee.—Too modest a title. It is a study from nature, and a beautiful study too.

No. 21. *Autumn; Beech-trees, with Cattle*. F. R. Lee.—A charming composition; full of truth and picturesque quality.

No. 95. *Head of an Old Lady*. J. Beaden.—A masterly portrait.

[To be continued.]

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Portrait of the Marchioness of Wellesley.*

WE lately noticed one of a very fine series of portraits engraved for *La Belle Assemblée*, with great praise; and have now equal pleasure in bestowing a still higher meed on the fiftieth of the class; viz. that of the Marchioness of Wellesley, painted by Robertson, and engraved by Dean. There is considerable interest attached to this noble lady, for many reasons; and we fancy this representation of her beauty will tend, in no small degree, to increase that feeling. As a production of art, it is a perfect gem,—firm yet soft, graceful, clear, and spirited.

*Portrait of Louis Eustache Ude, Author of the French Cook.* Drawn by D. M'Clise. Engraved by Deane. J. Ebers and Co.

At length the interesting, intellectual, and immortal countenance of the illustrious Louis Eustache Ude has received due portraiture; and his many admirers—ourselves among the number—can now possess an excellent likeness of his culinary majesty. The costume is admirably characteristic of the man. He reposes on the luxurious and tasselled pillow of his easy chair, in fur-collared coat *brodée*; rings—cameo and diamond—glitter on his hands, which rest upon the baton of office; the muslin frill—the brooch—all proclaim the ton supreme which pervades the *tout ensemble* of the Ude. Who would not be a cook? we are tempted to exclaim: but no—every cook is not a Ude! Ude is by no means, as Mr. Crofton Croker very justly observes, the black-muzzled person represented in a former lithographic portrait.\* His face is light, luculent, and laughing—"a fellow of infinite jest,"—as merry as Mathews in the *May Queen*, and withal *rempli du talent*; redolent of quickness, sagacity, and penetration. Well as Mr. D. M'Clise has executed this portrait, we are again tempted to exclaim—every cook is not a Ude—why has not Sir Thomas Lawrence painted, and Finden engraved, the first of living cooks?—But this we hope yet to see: in the mean while, the present excellent portrait is not unworthy of being hung over the fire-place of every dining-room where a good table is kept.

*Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages.* Harding and Lepard.

THE second monthly No. of this work has appeared at the prescribed time, and fully justifies the confidence reposed in the conductors of the undertaking. It is stated in a prefix, that more than two thousand subscribers have given their names towards its reward; and that in consequence the engravers have been obliged to finish a fourth set of plates. This is as it should be—merit in a production of national value and gratifying public patronage. We have no doubt but that several editions after this fourth will be called for, and that we shall witness the curious circumstance of seeing a good many more than four sets of plates in progress at the same time for the same publication.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## TO A LADY,

Who persisted in her intention of writing Receipts in a Book better calculated for Poetry.

By the Author of the "Sorrows of Rosalie."

AND wilt thou, lady, on so fair a page,  
Write dirty butchers' bills and dull receipts?  
Wilt thou those delicate Bath sheets engage  
With the account of weekly loaves and meats?

\* See the second volume of—"Legends of the Lakes of Killarney," by Mr. Croker.

Lady, forbear! while yet 'tis time, forbear!

If thou hast written but a single bill,  
Oh! quickly from the book the venom tear,  
And leave its pages unpolled still!

But no! thou art determined. Thus we find  
(Materials the richest and the best)  
Some young, warm heart—some gentle, guileless mind—

Spoilt by cold, calculating interest.  
Deep in the core, those sordid thoughts become  
More dark and black on each succeeding day;

And, like your ink, where once they find a home,  
No after years can wash the stain away!

## MODEST ASSURANCE.

"Ah! could we only feel but sure!"—Anon.

I SHOULD not mind pulling the nose  
Of the biggest O'Rooke on the Shannon;  
Or taking my noon-day repose  
Inside of a jubilee cannon.

Not the tithe of a pin should I care  
To have a turn-out with old Boney;  
Nor to go, just to change this damp air,  
For the summer, to Sierra Leone.

I should not much mind being made  
A part of a South Afric mission;  
Nay, I should not be greatly afraid  
To encounter—a learned physician.

Were I stopp'd by a night-prowling prig,  
I would not e'en bawl for assistance—  
The fact is, I don't care a fig  
For the whole of my present existence!

For if this poor life should get lost,  
Which I got from my father and mother,  
The Insurance-office is forced  
To provide me at once with another!

Ah! I wish I could only insure  
My houses, hopes, children, and wife,  
And be sure that they all would endure  
As long as this lachrymose life!

My expectancies—(that's a good sum!)  
For I give all my fancies full scope—  
And my legacies—"yet for to come"—  
Should all be insured at the "Hope."

My head goes of course to the "Crown"—  
(My head! they can't give me a worse  
one!);

The "Protector," and all in the town,  
Must protect all the rest of my person.

At the "Phoenix" I'd mind and have "done"  
My dear interesting young flock;  
But my Billy should go to the "Sun"—  
His cradle, of course, to the "Rock."

All my signal services, too,  
Should soon be insured at the "Beacon;"  
—But why do I idly pursue  
A subject so worthless to speak on!

Why, why, do I value all these,  
And fear so devoutly to lose 'em?  
When I can't know a moment of ease  
By insuring the heart in my bosom!

For every fire-office confess'd,  
Though engines and floods it supplies,  
It could not insure my poor breast  
From the widow M'Gill's merry eyes!

South Britain,  
Jan. 20th, 1825.

SIMKINS SIMKINS.

## MUSIC.

## THE MELODISTS' CLUB.

ON Thursday in last week, as mentioned in our preceding No., the first meeting of this Club for the season took place at Freemasons' Tavern, when above forty sat down to dinner, after hearing a very brief, but very beautiful, grace chanted, for the first time, by

Mr. Braham, Mr. Leete, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Parry, Mr. Watson, Mr. Clifton, and other eminent professional gentlemen. At the conclusion of the meal, "Non Nobis" was also finely given by the same admired-singers; and in the course of the evening the following were the musical entertainments. By Mr. Braham, Planché's stirring air of "The King, God bless him!" sung in a style that defies description, and enthusiastically encored; Mr. Code's charming glee for the Dublin Beef-steak Club, set by Sir J. Stevenson; a sweet song by Mr. Bianchi Taylor; a glee, Horsley's *chef-d'œuvre*, led by Mr. Watson, and delightfully performed; an instrumental piece on the piano-forte, from Rossini's opera of the *Sage of Corinth*, by Mr. Schütz, in which this young artist, yet under 17 years of age, displayed the most masterly skill, taste, and execution; a noble song by Braham, as altered from Carter by T. Cooke; the Widow Mahony, a humorous Irish ditty, by Mr. Blewitt, sung with much comic effect and the genuine brogue; a song by Mr. Gould, an amateur; a chant in the minor key, given in consequence of the memory of Mr. Shield being proposed as a toast; two glees, the last a charming composition of T. Cooke's; a mock Italian song by the same clever and versatile musician himself, with the most laughable accompaniments on the piano and violin; the Death of Nelson, superbly sung by Braham, who never was in higher voice; a duet of great merit by Messrs. Bedford and Stanbury; beside other varied and pleasing contributions to the social and harmonious enjoyments of the occasion. It need scarcely be added, that the company were delighted with a treat, such as can rarely be procured in the musical world—so much talent being congregated, and every individual being emulous to afford the utmost pleasure in their power to the applauding auditors around them.

The grand object of this association being to cultivate National Melody,—that simple ballad style, which is so deservedly beloved by all—whether the perception has been improved by cultivation, or the ear is left to its natural sense—it is unnecessary for us to say much on the less important matter, the toasts and speeches of the day. The latter had the merit of great brevity, so that the harmony was little interrupted; and the principal matters stated were, that H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex had condescendingly agreed to become patron of the Club, and to dine with it several times during the season; that Lords Blessington, Bristol, Saltown, and other noblemen and gentlemen of high rank, had consented to be vice-presidents; that the musical direction at the dinners was confided to the abilities of Mr. T. Cooke; that nine new members were elected and admitted on the occasion; and that numerous applications for admission were upon the books. Altogether, the prospects of the Club seemed to be of the fairest order; and we have little doubt that, besides being a resort of no common enjoyment to the lovers of music, it will speedily operate very favourably in promoting the cultivation of English melody,—a branch hitherto far too much neglected, or almost left to chance and accident.

## LES TROIS TROUBADOURS.

ON Monday last, and during the week, there has been a change in the performances of these agreeable musicians, whose entertainment is calculated to pass away an hour very pleasantly. The leader of the little band is obviously an accomplished composer, and plays upon many (it is said ten) instruments in a superior style.

He varied the guitar music and the singing by pieces on the violin and violoncello, in which much execution was shewn; but the chief treat is in the *chansons à la Troubadour*, which are given with great sweetness, elegance, and finish, by the principal singer. Of these, Bayard, Encore un Mot, and le Mot d'Amour, are much and deservedly applauded.

#### DRAMA.

##### KING'S THEATRE.

THE King's Theatre opened on Saturday night last, and, contrary to general expectation, without a serious disturbance. A few persons in the gallery commenced hissing the moment the overture began; but their sibilations were soon drowned in the applause that rose from the other parts of the house,—and the performance passed off with great spirit and universal approbation. The fact is, that the pit-ites were most pleasantly disappointed by finding that their accommodation had been attended to in a very great degree, and that the introduction of a few stalls more than last season was amply compensated for by the unquestionable improvements in the other part of the pit, which is now the best in England. With regard to the squabble between M. Laporte and the musicians, we regret, in common with all who love good music, the absence of such men as Dragonetti, Lindley, &c.; but if their multifarious engagements prevent them from properly attending to the rehearsals, and interfere so much as has been represented with the general business of the theatre, we cannot be surprised that M. Laporte, who has been *wound up* (we think most illiberally) to an excessive rent, should endeavour to secure an independent orchestra, and diminish in some degree the many anxieties of his responsible situation. The slight want of *ensemble* which was now and then perceivable on Saturday evening, will, we have no doubt, speedily disappear; and, much as we admire talents, we cannot say we are sorry when great men, or ladies either,\* are taught the wholesome lesson that they may be spared, and the scene not absolutely stand still in consequence. M. Laporte has unfortunately connected himself with a person exceedingly obnoxious to the musical world, and whose reputation as a man is not of such unsullied brightness as to dazzle the observer of his conduct as a director. "Tell me whose company you keep, and I'll tell you who you are," is an old proverb which we are sorry M. Laporte did not remember. As his sincere friend, we advise him to take the earliest opportunity of cutting the connexion, and we shall then have no doubt of his reaping the reward of his spirit, intelligence, and activity.

Of the new performers we are happy to be enabled to speak in terms of the most unqualified praise. Madame Pisoni is probably the most finished singer ever heard in this country, and an admirable actor to boot; though, really, as to limbs and face, rather extraordinary than shapely and beautiful.† Signora Monticelli, who bears a striking resemblance to Ronza de Begnis, possesses an agreeable voice, and is a good musician; and Donzelli is the most spirited and effective of tenors:

\* We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Hawes for his spirited conduct respecting Miss Byfield. That young lady, as our readers are aware, stands high in our opinion. We consider her, after Miss Paton and Miss Stephens, the best singer on the stage, and we consequently regret that she should be silly enough to care where her name was placed in the bill. We trust she will benefit by this salutary warning, and earnestly recommend all managers to follow up the sensible example set them by Mr. Hawes.

† Of this lady, whatever success may attend her, and whatever conquests she may make, it can truly be sung—

"Oh, no! 'twas neither shape nor feature."

the first half dozen bars he sang, stamped him in the favour of the audience; and, with the exception of our own Braham, we have not for many years heard any rasical hero with such unmixt satisfaction. On Tuesday, one of the most republican things ever done at a King's Theatre, was perpetrated:—Curioni being afflicted with catarrh, the unhappy king (by no means, as it seems, a necessary character in the opera) was totally omitted. Scribe's admirable ballet, *La Sonnambule*, followed the opera; and though the acting of Pauline as the heroine will not bear comparison with the performance of Montesu, the original and inimitable supporter of the part, it was highly creditable to her, and gratifying to the spectators, who evidently enjoyed the appearance of an entertainment so superior to the unmeaning diversitments which have been too long dignified by the name of ballets at this theatre. Mr. W. Grieve, of Covent Garden Theatre, has painted the scenery for *La Sonnambule*: we need scarcely add, that here is another subject of congratulation. We have some hopes now of seeing the King's Theatre what an establishment patronised by the nobility of England ought to be—the first in the world.

##### COVENT GARDEN.

A COMIC piece in three acts, entitled *The Widow's Bewitched*, was produced here on Tuesday last, and went off with considerable applause. *La Quarantaine*, a one-act vaudeville, by Scribe and Mazères, has furnished Mr. Lunn with that part of his plot which relates to the loves and stratagems of *Captain Frankly* (Green), and the handsome young widow *Delamore* (Mrs. Chatterley); with which has been woven a Catherine-and-Petruchio sort of story, in which a certain Captain of the Blues (C. Kemble) woes, wins, and tames another widow (Miss Chester), in the character of his own brother. The dialogue of the piece is lively and natural; and, though we think there is hardly matter enough in it for three acts, we should imagine the pleasant acting of Kemble, Green, Power, Bartley, and Meadows, Miss Chester and Mrs. Chatterley, would, were it compressed into two, carry it merrily along the season.

The opera of *Yeloa*, brought out on Thursday by Mr. Bishop, as dramatist, poet, and composer, was, we regret to say, an utter failure. There is some pretty music; but the whole piece is insufferably dull, and was deservedly condemned to oblivion.

Miss Smithson has made an engagement with the managers of Covent Garden: Sontag has re-appeared in Paris.

**THEATRICAL ARCHITECTURE.**—We were last week gratified with the sight of a remarkable set of drawings, designs, measurements, &c. of the Parisian Theatres, by M. Schlick, a Danish artist, brought to this country under high auspices, and certainly of singularly minute and finished execution. We can compare them to nothing so much as to the exquisite illustrations of ancient missals; though they are upon a considerable scale, and enter into every possible minutiae of the edifices, whether external or internal. The diligence in collecting the materials, and the labour in drawing and colouring these examples, must have been immense; and many useful hints, both as regards structure and embellishment, may be obtained from their examination. Several of our leading dramatic proprietors, and most celebrated scene-painters, as well as other individuals fond of the drama and the arts, enjoyed a

high treat in looking over these productions of M. Schlick, who, we have no doubt, will soon be better known by the British public,—for fame must attend his talents and exertions.

#### VARIETIES.

**Académie des Sciences.**—At a recent election of a corresponding member of the Academy, Mr. Barlow obtained the majority of votes.

**Institute for the Blind in Copenhagen.**—An institution for the blind was established at Copenhagen about seventeen years ago. In the first year the number admitted was only twelve, and the income was only 1,500 dollars banco. In 1828 there were 80 inmates, and the income in the year was 54,000 dollars banco.

**Zoological Society.**—Such of the animals in the gardens of the Society in the Regent's Park as were unable to endure the severity of our wintry weather, have been temporarily removed under cover to stables in Camden Town. We believe that the question between Mr. Maberley and the Society, respecting the site and height of the buildings belonging to the latter, is by no means decided, as has been stated in the newspapers.

A letter from Berlin states that the celebrated traveller, Baron Alexander de Humboldt, is making preparations for his journey to the Caucasus. The Emperor of Russia had sent him an invitation to visit the mountains of the Ural, at the expense of his government, and to communicate to the imperial cabinet his views upon the working of the mines in that country, and the amelioration of which it is susceptible. The Baron accepted this invitation, and will, at the same time, proceed to the Caucasus, to study minutely every thing remarkable presented by that ancient and interesting country. He will be accompanied by several persons versed in geography and natural philosophy.

We see, from a report of its anniversary meeting in the Newcastle paper, that the Antiquarian Society of that place proceeds in its career with great energy and success; though among its recent losses it had to lament Bewick and Mr. Baron Selon, who died in Sweden while pursuing his diligent researches into the Runic antiquities.

A girl has been sleeping some few months near Cambridge, which has kept the Philosophical Society of that town wide awake all the while. The facts appear to be well authenticated; and there is no saying how long the wench may remain inanimate, and the Society active.

**Croydon Palace.**—In a recent Number we stated that this venerable relic of our ancestors had been sold by auction, for the purpose of demolition. We find that we were misinformed; and that though put up for sale, it was not disposed of, but is at present in the market—offering a fine opportunity to any public-spirited individual disposed to possess and preserve so universally admired a specimen of ancient architecture.

**Botany.**—Extensive experiments have been recently made by Dr. Goepard, a German botanist, with hydrocyanic (prussic) acid in plants and seeds. On twenty-four plants of different kinds, submitted to the action of this poison, both in the fluid and vapour, the same destruction of life ensued as in the animal creation: the seeds so treated were entirely deprived of the power of germination. In the plants from which prussic acid is obtained in the greatest quantity, viz. the laurel, the bird cherry, and the dwarf almond, the same effect was produced as on the others.

**Windsor.**—A curious subterranean passage has been discovered on the north side of the terrace at Windsor Castle: it is cut through the solid rock for about sixty feet, and is, at the entrance (thirty feet below the surface of the earth), six feet high and five feet wide.

It appears, from a recent barometrical admeasurement by Cambesades, the botanist, that the height of the Puy de Torrellas, in Majorca, is about 4,400 English feet above the level of the sea.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

**Military Memoirs of Four Brothers**, natives of Staffordshire, engaged in the service of their Country, in the New World, Africa, and on the Continent of Europe, is announced by the Survivor.

The celebrated **Barra**, who acted so conspicuous a part in the French Revolution, died last week in Paris, at the age of 72. He has left Memoirs of his life and times, which, it is stated, are to be published.

A translation of Washington Irving's **Life of Columbus**, and also a translation of the works of Cooper the American novelist, have been published in Germany.

Lithographic engravings of **Rietzsch's well-known Outlines in Illustration of Goethe's Faust**, have recently been published at St. Petersburg, and several thousand copies were readily disposed of.

Prince Augustus d'Armenberg has just added to his splendid collection the celebrated picture by Paul Potter, which was formerly one of the most distinguished ornaments of the gallery formed by Lucien Buonaparte.

A new novel from the pen of Mr. Galt, entitled, **My Landlady and her Lodgers**, is announced: the MS. is on his way from Canada.

The games at chess played between London and Edinburgh are about to be published.

The northern capital gives very little note of preparation in respect to other publications.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Cooper (Sir A.) on the Brent, Part I. Imperial 4to. 11. 6s. 6d. bds.—Clarke on the Teeth, 8vo. 5s. bds.—**Georgia on the Dry Rot**, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—**Encyclopaedia Metropolitana** (Purser's), Vol. 1. 4to. 2s. 2s. bds.—**Greek Extracts** used at the Edinburgh Academy, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cheap.—**Huntingford's Testimonies**, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—**Duffin on Deformity of the Spine in Females**, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—**Field's Practical Perspective**, royal 8vo. 18s. bds.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
January.		
Thursday .. 29	From 30. to 30.8	30.33 to 30.46
Friday .. 30	— 29. — 30.	29.46 — 29.70
Saturday .. 31	— 30. — 30.7	30.02 — 30.34
February.		
Sunday .. 1	— 29. — 30.	30.33 — 30.42
Monday .. 2	— 14. — 32.	30.46 — 30.40
Tuesday .. 3	— 29. — 30.	29.46 — 30.46
Wednesday .. 4	— 15. — 41.	30.34 — 30.17

Wind variable, prevailing N.E.  
Generally clear and frosty, except the 4th instant, when it was raining.

Edinburgh. CHARLES H. ADAMS.  
Latitude .. 51° 37' 38" N.  
Longitude .. 0 51 W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As *The Literary Gazette*—Having again to notice unavoidable omissions and postponements in this Number, and being anxious that our Journal should continue to be a complete record and epitome of the Literature, Science, Arts, and improvements of the time, we have arranged to present our subscribers, *gratis*, with an extra half-sheet, on occasion may require. We could only by this means be enabled to supply that important intelligence which is embraced in our new plan,—of giving all the proceedings of all the great public institutions in London, the space occupied by reports of which must either have been taken from branches already too much cramped, or thus voluntarily offered at our expense to our friends and the public. We propose to begin next Saturday.

As we have a hundred excuses to offer to a hundred correspondents; want of time to attend to so many as daily require answers from us,—indisposition,—sometimes venation at being needlessly occupied,—the pressure of never-ending novelties in all the branches embraced by our Journal, will plead for us with the intelligent and friendly.

T. M.'s compositions do not suit us.

J. H.'s favour as early as possible. E. O. ditto.

A correspondent recommends an action at law to try the validity of fighting at public schools: we recommend the law as a remedy for nothing, whatever the evil may be.

Mr. Neymann's work, and Mr. de Roquet's, shall not be postponed longer than we can help.

We thank Inquisitor, but could not use his communication.

Is very pretty, but we can say nothing decidedly to him.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS,

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